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Mr. Scott
with
the Author's Compts

DIARY OF A TOUR

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1856

TO

GIBRALTAR, MALTA, SMYRNA, DARDANELLES, MARMORA,

CONSTANTINOPLE,

SCUTARI, SWEET WATERS, GREECE, ITALY, SICILY AND FRANCE,

BY

JAMES SULLIVAN:

PRINTED FOR PRESENTATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

The Drawings, which are copied, with some variations, from Miss Pardoe's volume, are Lithographed by W. Waring.

APRIL, 1857.

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DIARY OF A TOUR TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

LIVERPOOL.

Arrived from London at half-past three, A.M.; drove to Radley's Hotel, and was accommodated with a garret, containing several beds, with a window in the roof through which the light poured at break of day, and, like Macbeth, "murdered sleep." Breakfasted and went to the Shipping Agent's, and found that the time of sailing was postponed four days beyond the time advertised, which afforded an opportunity of seeing this fine large town, with its long broad streets, handsome public buildings, extensive poor-house, numerous small fountains, and six miles of docks. The steamers plying on the Mersey prevented the *ennui* which, without some occupation, would inevitably have resulted from the tedium of a four days' delay when all anxiety to see foreign and romantic lands. Crossed the river to Woodside Ferry, and walked to Birkenhead Market, and to Birkenhead Park, divided by a public road into two parts, each division as large as St. James's, with a lake, shady walks, islands and aquatic birds; to New Brighton, built on the sands of the shore, where pretty villas and parks are rapidly springing up, and at some distant period this village may become as attractive as its prototype in Sussex. Men and women bathe together from one machine. Visited the Rock Ferry Hotel Garden of choice flowers, the resort of working men and their families, where, wafted from the crowd and din of Liverpool, the beauty of the flowers and the refreshing breeze from the river relax their over-tasked energies.

ON BOARD THE TENERIFFE.

August 6th. Left Liverpool for Constantinople on a charming day, with a fair wind, about twenty cabin passengers, forty sailors and firemen, three officers, and a shrewd careful captain who had been many years at sea—had saved a fortune and lost it by lending it to a Company that subsequently failed. He had not intended to go to sea any more, having a wife and family, but was compelled to start again in consequence of his losses. He is jocose, jolly, full of information, very absolute, presides at table, and, having travelled much, speaks authoritatively, much to the surprise of a young gentleman, a Maltese by birth, who has just taken a degree at Edinburgh, and has on his card "Doctor D——." This youngster is as positive and absolute as the captain, rash in his observations, vain of his person and family, carries with him the portrait of his *chere amie*, and would cudgel any one who could not discover in it all the charms that woman could possess. Then there is

Mrs W., a well-educated lady, with two handsome children. She is high and amiable, vain and kind, enquires whether one knows Lord B., and Captain C., sings solos and takes first tenor in glees and duets, and dances quadrilles with us on deck in the evening; she is *en route* to Constantinople to meet her husband. Mrs Captain T. is also *en route* meet her husband at Gozzo, near Malta, and this lady is the wife of a captain in the English army, is very agreeable, a fine creature, but too retiring, and not sufficiently conversational. She also has two children, who, however, like the "cherubim, continually do cry." Miss F., a young Irish lady, is going to Malta; she is good looking, conversational, can appreciate a *bon mot*, a piece of good music, and an act of politeness; retiring and modest, without the easy commanding manners of Mrs W., yet exceedingly interesting; does not sing, although she has an excellent taste in music; is my partner in the waltz on deck in the evening, and an attentive listener to the Byronic readings in the afternoon; wishes I would write some original poetry instead of always reading Byron's, and, next day, expresses her approval of the accompanying Sonnet—"To Miss F. on the Ocean"—subsequently set to music. Two brothers, Germans, professors of the violin, and the wife of one of them, an Austrian lady of high birth, discarded by her relatives for marrying a good, clever man without a title, are going to Malta professionally. All three are very agreeable, and the brothers play duets and arrange parts for our evening concerts. Mr W. is a scholar without pedantry, an excellent social companion, ready to do anything for anybody, a first-rate sailor, and in constant requisition to perform minor but important services; nothing comes amiss to him. He has just been to Jersey to oblige a relative, and is now mending a fan to oblige a passenger. The other passengers have no strongly marked peculiarities.

BAY OF BISCAY.

August 7th. Entered this celebrated Bay, which well sustained its character; at first a slight rocking only was perceptible, which, however, increased in strength by midnight, and the full force of waves rolling unimpeded probably from the coast of our North American possessions, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles, was very unwelcome to travellers seeking pleasure. I was reminded of a song in which the following apt words occur:

"Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting
All those endure, you may be sure, that go to sea;
A ship is a thing which you never can be quiet in,
And whether it goes by steam or not, 'tis all the same to me."

The vast waves swept in rapid succession against the sides, stern, stem, and keel of the vessel, creating a series of frightful sounds and causing her to lurch in a manner very painful to the land lubbers, who, like myself, had never realized before the attempts to sleep on the seething waters of Biscay's famous Bay. An occasional exchange of dishes took place at table,—Miss F. having Mrs W's. soup suddenly heaved into her lap, and Mrs W. receiving a stew, dish, and condiments. Many miles from land, unable to sleep day or night for ninety-six hours; glasses, hampers, tumblers, basins, cast about the cabins, and a sensation of sickness and headache gave rise to many a vow from the passengers not to be seen again in such a position.

August 11th. Pass Cape Finisterre and bid a long adieu to Biscay. Pass the Burlings, Cintra, Lisbon, St. Vincent, Trafalgar, Tariffa. The mountains of the Peninsula slope gradually down to the sea, presenting to the marine traveller an agreeable variety of creeks, bays, hills and valleys, and an ever varying richness of colours pleasing to the eye and indicative of the prolific powers of the soil. It is painful to reflect that here, where nature is so lavish of her bounties, human nature should do so little for its own comforts. But so it is: in Spain and Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Malta, and Hindostan, so little labour is required in the cultivation of the earth's fruits, that indolence becomes a habit, the mind is left as uncultivated as the soil, and the absence of mental activity debases the nation and prepares it for any political adventurer sufficiently daring to enslave it.

"Poor paltry slaves! yet born midst noble scenes,
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?"

CINTRA,

A town in Estramadura in Portugal, is twelve miles N.W. of Lisbon, on the slope of the Sierra de Cintra, celebrated for its mild climate and delightful residences, the resort of the wealthy inhabitants of Lisbon during summer. The sovereigns of Portugal have a palace at Cintra, with fine gardens orna-

mented with numerous fountains and historical pictures. The country abounds with fruits in great variety, especially grapes, oranges, and lemons. There are several convents on the hills. Cintra is known as the seat of the Convention of 1808, after the defeat of Junot by the English at Vimiero. The population of the town is about 5,000.

> "Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
> A variegated maze of mount and glen,
> Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
> To follow half on which the eye dilates,
> Thro' views more dazzling unto mortal ken
> Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,
> Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?"

Cape St. Vincent. Off this Cape a steamer is lying with damaged engines. We offer her assistance, but the captain refuses it unless we state the amount of expences he would incur. We cannot do so, and he declines our assistance at the risk of losing the ship. Passing

GIBRALTAR.

August 12th. The rock is shaped like a Lion. Gibraltar, in Andalusia, is the most southernly province of Spain. English families inhabit the Rock and slopes, and the fortifications are considered impregnable while held by the English, except by starving the garrison, and this is not likely or possible while Britannia rules the waves. The population of Gibraltar is about 15,000, consisting of English, Jews, Spaniards, and Moors, and would be rapidly increased, but families are not allowed to settle there without giving security for good behaviour. *Permis de sejour* are issued by the Police Magistrate, for ten, fifteen, or twenty days, when, if the persons desire to continue their stay, the *permis* must be renewed. This rule is intended to keep down the population to a reasonable limit, as large numbers could not be supported there during a war. There is a strip of land, called the "Neutral Ground," between the English settlement and Spain, which entirely separates the two nations. The Rock of Gibraltar is the ancient Greek Calpe; on the African shore opposite is a mountain in Morocco called Abyla, and these two formed

the celebrated pillars of Hercules, who is said to have rested with one foot on each, stretching over thirteen miles of sea. The Rock of Gibraltar is marble, and viewed from the sea appears devoid of verdure of ànу kind. It has, however, some wooded grassy glens in the nooks of the mountains. The asparagus, aloe, cactus, and other succulent plants grow on it, and Kelaart describes upwards of 400 indigenous flowering plants and ferns. It is inhabited also by rabbits, pigeons, partridges, and woodcocks, and is remarkable as the only spot in Europe where apes are found wild. To kill one of them is as great an offence as it was in ancient Egypt to kill the ibis, and is now, in Holland, to injure a stork, and, in Turkey, to kill a cat, dog, or pigeon. They are, nevertheless, frequently snared and are fast disappearing.

MEDITERRANEAN.

Granada. 13th. Arose and found myself in the Mediterranean, by the coast of Granada. The mountains on this coast are very bold and high, tinted with the loveliest hues, ever varying as the summer sun in its course sheds its light on the hill tops, into the glens, or sparkles along the shore. The mountains of the Sierra Nevada would alone repay the tourist for a trip to the Mediterranean. They are over 11,000 feet high, extend for many miles along the coast, and while the sides are as verdant as a plantation, the tops are covered with perpetual snow—a great relief to the eye, when, with a temperature of 92 in the shade, all other objects around are scorching hot. This scenery, from Malaga to Capa de Gata, wild, fertile, sublimely grand, prolific in fruits, gorgeous in aspect and charming in detail, is not equalled by any between Liverpool, Constantinople and Marseilles. Along the line of coast the towers built as watch-towers and as defences against the Moors are still occupied by sentries, and each one has a drawbridge which is raised at night.

15th. Having passed the Cape, no land is perceptible; but at this part of the Mediterranean the clear blue waters rippled by a gentle head wind, porpoises playing around the ship, and the little birds called "Mother Carey's Chickens," beautifully coloured under the breast and wings, following in the wake to feed on any surplus food the Lords of Creation may spare them; the sun and air as clear as could be desired or imagined; nothing stirring around us but fishes and birds, and the spray caused by the passage of the

steamer; whilst every one is elated by the charming transparent blue of the water—the tranquility, beauty and solitude by which we are surrounded, all conspire to contrast our present position favorably with the scenes we have just left in Old England, and compel us to acknowledge that the charms of nature have claims upon our admiration which the accumulated works of men can never command. Here general conversation ceases, and individual remarks in admiration of the beauties around succeed. The ladies crochet and the gentlemen smoke. The day is not long enough for us. After watching the sunset, which is very sudden in this latitude, (about 37 north,) the twinkling stars and the sweet silver moon; the milky-way crossing the expanse above our heads, like a belt of brilliants; the polar star brightly shining to the north and Sirius to the south, rivet us to the deck 'till far into the morning; when we retire to rest, to rise early and see the sun shed its effulgence on the waters around, and are well compensated by a sunrise so enchanting that any attempt to describe it would be futile.

AFRICA.

Algeria. Passed Algeria near enough to survey it with the naked eye. There is a good artificial harbour. The mountains on the coast are very high, very irregular, apparently fertile, and remains of the old Moorish walls around the city seem to be in pretty perfect condition. The native Algerians, whose territory extended from Tunis on the east to Morocco on the west, were estimated at 2,000,000 in 1833; but being continually slaughtered or burnt in their caves by the "civilized" French, the number may now be about one half. Algeria is subject to dry winds from four to five days successively, and very heavy rains in November and December. From July to October the surface of the soil is burnt by the sun, and, as in Malta, the reflection of the sun's rays produces ophthalmia. The country around is very fertile, and produces fruits of every kind, and a great number of flowers, among them a white rose, from which the "attar of roses" is extracted. Algiers and Morocco are the only countries of the merino sheep; scorpions and other venomous reptiles and insects abound in the country around, and locusts pay visits and eat and destroy the crops. When they have surfeited themselves, and become unable to fly away, the natives of the Atlas mountains return the compliment and

eat the locusts. The beautiful Arabian horses and mules used in Malta to draw calêches, in Turkey to draw arabas and for riding, and in Sicily as carriage horses, are bred in this part of Africa. An alarming accident occurred about 2 A.M., when most of the passengers were asleep. A sound was heard as of a man struggling in the sea and calling for help. We were many miles from any land, and in the silence of night, surprised and terrified, ran upon deck, looked over the sides of the ship and obtained the assistance of the first mate, whose practised eye could discern nothing on the surface of the water. He thought it might be a passenger who had clandestinely come aboard, and secreted himself (as they sometimes do) in the hold among the luggage. All search was fruitless, and we returned to rest, or rather to our cabins, to talk over the matter, and Mr. W. prevented my sleeping by relating the details of two occasions when he had heard such sounds in the Pacific, and how each of them was followed by a death in his family within twenty-four hours. The subject was discussed at breakfast time, when it was explained that Miss F. had had a nightmare, and screamed so loudly as to wake her fellow passengers. Passed TUNIS and CAPE BON, and a group of small islands where the Sparta was wrecked, and still remains. There were 1000 persons on board, going to the Crimea—principally troops—fortunately they all succeeded in climbing the rocks and were saved. She is a fine steamer, quite new, and was wrecked in consequence of the carelessness of the captain, who, contrary to custom, steamed between the islands at night, instead of outside them, where there was plenty of sea-way. The captain and the first mate were tried for negligence, both dismissed the service, and the captain imprisoned.

MALTA.

August 17. Steamed into the harbour. The defences, built by the Knights of Malta, on the hills that surround the harbour, where hundreds of guns point in all directions seaward; the moat that surrounds the town in the rear bristling with cannons, and the draw-bridges across the road at each entrance from the surrounding country, render Malta the safest island in the Mediterranean as a garrison town, and cause it to be coveted by various nations as a naval station. The length of the island is about seventeen miles. Population 103,000; 4,500 only of them British. The town is built on hills which

surround the harbour. Its greatest height is about 600 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is fine and healthy, but subject to the sirocco and oppressively hot in summer, when no rain falls for months, and the pedestrian is liable to be covered with dust before he advances a mile from the town. Byron has immortalized the town in the following apostrophe:

"Adieu, ye joys of La Vallette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun and sweat!
Adieu, thou palace rarely entered!
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured!
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!
Adieu, ye packets—without letters!
Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters!
Adieu, thou damndest quarantine!
That gave me fever and the spleen!
* * * *
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!
Adieu, red coats and redder faces!
Adieu, the supercilious air
Of all who strut "en militaire!"
* * * *
And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us
Thou little military hothouse!
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely to the devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask for what is such a place meant?"

Valetta is considered a well-built town. The houses are constructed of white stone, painful to the eyes. The streets leading from the harbour are mostly formed of steps, and rise gradually to the upper part of the town. There are some good promenades on the heights—the lower barracka and the upper barracka from which the views are very extensive, and Florian, a mile or more in the interior, a handsome garden promenade, with a variety of trees and flowers and seats covered with dust in the summer, but, no doubt, enchanting on a fine day after rain. There are a few monuments distributed over these

promenades, neatly sculptured in Maltese marble. In all parts of the island the prickly pear, figs, melons, plums, and other fruits, grow and ripen naturally, but the natives living principally on fruit, a large quantity is imported annually from Sicily, a distance of 60 miles. The native Maltese are a lazy mean race ; rich and poor have the reputation of lying and indirect dealing. At Malta they were either begging or quarrelling, not working. During my travels I heard no one attribute to them any virtues whatever, and 17 days' experience, if sufficient to rely on, confirms the character. The Maltese sailors on board the Teneriffe were very lazy, and a Maltese family, man, woman, boy and girl, who undertook to work their passage out, never worked unless compelled by the officers; add to these, a professional man, who travelled as cabin passenger, totally devoid of moral principle. They are beggars at Malta, robbers at Smyrna, Constantinople and the Levant ; but in Greece, the natives being too cunning for the Maltese, they become industrious from necessity, labour hard, and make good citizens. About one tenth of the population appears to be Roman Catholic priests, whose daily visitations wring from the poorest some portion of their earnings. At the corners of the streets effigies of dead bishops cut in white stone pray *for* the people, and among the populace living priests clad in black stoles prey *on* the people; natives at church, kneeling at the altars at St. John's Cathedral, not poor in appearance, rise upon the entrance of a foreigner and beg to become his guide. They quarrel like fishwomen, talking and vociferating and threatening in a patois intended for Italian, the common language of the island, but want the courage to strike, unless the quarrel becomes so fierce as to cause them to draw a dagger or clasp knife which every Maltese carries. The lower orders sleep in the streets in summer—lying about the pavement and the horse road, and are consequently always ready to carry a parcel, fetch a calêche, or assist any ship that may enter the harbour. The Maltese proverb says, " a Maltese may live on fish, flesh and fowl for a half-penny a day." Went to St. John's Cathedral ; a fine specimen of architecture. One of the altars is fenced round with silver railings ; when the French took the town, to check their rapacity, these railings were painted to disguise them. The floor is a mosaic pavement of sepulchral monuments of the Knights, whose effigies in full costume are of white marble. The arms of all the Grand Masters are inlaid in various colored marbles. This Cathedral was formerly cele-

brated for the riches of its treasury, but it was completely plundered by Napoleon. The Palace of the Grand Masters, now the residence of the British Governor, contains several magnificent halls and an armoury, numerous mediocre pictures, and some good tapestries. The Palace is very neatly finished, very simple in style, and large enough to allow the family to divide it into a winter and a summer residence. Visitors are shewn over it upon making an application at any convenient time.

Had beautiful Ices at a well-conducted Café, for which only 1½d. each glass was charged. That these Ices are snow brought from Mount Etna, seems paradoxical; but so it is.

Supped with a family, fellow passengers, at an hotel. The food was served exactly as in France; indeed the French cuisine appears to be adopted all over the Continent.

August 18. Rose and hired a boat, with Mr. W., with a clean white awnnig, for a sun shade, and a fantastically carved prow, and jumped from the boat into the clear blue water in the harbour to bathe. Breakfasted and went into the town.

Gozzo, the famed Island of Calypso, where St. Paul is said to have been wrecked, is five miles from Malta, and passenger boats constantly pass to and from it. A small handsome yacht is let out for the passage to those who can manage it, and rowing boats to others. At Gozzo

> "Where neither lake nor river glads the eye
> Seared with the glare of hot and copper sky,"

the water for the entire population is kept in one tank and is the chief care of the authorities. Mrs. Captain T. left the ship for this Island, whose aspect from the sea is so very barren that the other passengers expressed strong compassion for her. But there is some vegetation to be seen in the winter and the spring, and fruits are grown with as little labour as in the neighbouring Island of Malta. Purchased a beautiful large bunch of grapes, eighteen prickly pears, and a fine melon, for elevenpence. Prickly pears are a luxury among the poor Maltese, who skilfully peel them; but persons not familiar with them are apt to find them very troublesome, the prickles entering the skin of the hands and lips, and, in our case, covering the cushion of the cabin where they were deposited, and rendering it remarkably unpleasant

to sit upon; we had them thrown overboard. A passenger who had bought some and distributed them in his pockets was about as happy as if he had had all his clothes turned into pincushions, and could obtain no relief until the pockets were all cut away.

The Maltese specimens of art are best shown in their muslins, plain and embroidered, which they sell at a very low price; their beautiful filagree silver work, unequalled in any part of the world; the vault of the nave of St. John's Cathedral, the rich mosaic pavements on the floor, and the tapestries in the palace, now the residence of the British governor, before referred to. The architecture of the hotels, the upper and lower barracka and florian, the barracks and other buildings, are chaste, but neither elaborate nor grand. The streets are irregular and for the most part poverty-stricken, and the calêche or carriage in general use, with a fine but ill-fed Arabian horse before and a pair of wheels *behind*, is very awkward and ill-contrived. The town of Malta is very like a second-rate French coast town, with the blocks of houses all crammed together, and beyond all open country, where nature is scarcely assisted by man in producing food and flowers. One thing strikes the traveller as very injudicious, viz: the clothing of the women. With a broiling sun at the highest temperature in the south, they wear a long cloak and hood of heavy *black* material, covering the head and face, with but just enough space left to enable them to ogle right or left as fancy may dictate. Leaving Malta at noon, the town and fortifications which surround it, houses and trees intermixed and gradually rising from the level of the harbour to a considerable height, encompassed by the clear blue water of the Mediterranean, form a charming scene for the delighted eye of the traveller who is to see no more land for 500 miles.

ARABS.

Among the passengers taken on board at Malta were three Arabians, supposed to be merchants. They were carefully dressed in the picturesque Turkish costume, were deck passengers, and slept in the open air. It is a rule among Mahomedans in travelling by sea to sleep on deck, as they are accustomed in Asia to sleep in tents, and to carry their food with them. The three accompanying us brought grapes, nuts, raisins, melons, bread and

bedding, requiring from the ship's provisions nothing but water. They were generous to the children on board, and offered a portion of their food to all the passengers who noticed them. They prayed alternately in a subdued voice, three or four times a day, with the face to the east, performing many genuflexions, bending, bowing and touching the ground with their foreheads. They lay on their beds day and night, taking no exercise, and seldom leaving, except for the performance of their religious rites, and to eat and drink.

GREECE.

Cape Matapan. Passed by Cape Matapan in the Morea, about 60 miles from Sparta, once the terror of the world, but now celebrated for nothing but its unimportance, a powerful illustration of the rise and fall of nations.

Cerigo. The Island of Cerigo on the right, and Cape St. Angelo on the left. Cerigo is one of the seven Ionian Islands, and about 13 miles south of the Morea, rocky and mountainous, better stocked with cattle than any other of the Ionian Islands, and produces grapes, oil, cotton, lemons, oranges and corn. In this island are the remains of a celebrated temple dedicated to Venus, who is fabled to have leapt from the sea a perfect Goddess. During the Peloponnesian war it was taken by the Athenians, who carried off all the inhabitants, and 'tis now in the hands of the English and garrisoned by English troops.

Isles of Greece. These celebrated isles appear very barren on the sides next the sea, but they all produce grapes, lemons, melons, oranges and corn in small quantities. Their most beautiful feature is the light transparent clouds over the tops of the mountains, extending miles, and slowly moving along the coast, never passing away over the sea, but like living creatures clinging to the land of their birth until the sun which gave them form disperses them at noon, to take a new shape next day.

Syra. August 21st. At midnight. Nearing Syra, we slacken speed to enable us to enter the harbour at daybreak. Syra, an island in the Archipelago, shaped like a double tooth, the two prongs forming a good harbour, is surrounded by the Grecian Isles, Milo, Anti-Milo, Thermia, Zea, Andros, Zenos, Naxos, Paros, Delos, and several others, all celebrated more or less for the part they played in the struggle between Athens and Sparta, and subsequently between Greece and Asia. They are not important at the

present time, having very little trade, and celebrated only for the degeneracy of their populations:

> "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
> Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set."

The Greeks inhabiting these islands are remarkable for a careless dirty exterior, wear a petticoat sewed at the lower part, leaving two holes for the legs to pass through, (a bad imitation of the Mussulman dress), and consequently their walking has much the appearance of the marching of geese upon a common. A dirty colored flannel shirt and a greasy scull-cap or a fez on their heads, and stockings and shoes very large and loose, complete the dress. Our stay at Syra was not intended to last more than six hours, having very little merchandize, principally iron, to deliver. The doctor came on board and found we had a clean bill of health from Malta. He nevertheless put us in QUARANTINE and said we might have pratique next morning. A guardiamo was sent aboard to prevent our having any communication with the residents, as we were in quarantine. We were allowed to go in his company by boat to the custom-house, where our letters and dispatches were exchanged by the aid of tongs to prevent contagion being introduced into the islands. Went on shore with the captain, my chum, another passenger and the guardiamo, and chatted with the custom-house officers and assistants. Any one having contact with a person in quarantine is forthwith sent to the lazaretto to prevent the possibility of his carrying contagion into the town. Forgetting sometimes the quarantine, we approached the natives, who immediately commenced a sort of quadrille, which we thought was intended for our amusement, but were informed that the extraordinary movements were made merely to avoid us. Twenty labourers, principally Greeks, who came on board to unload were sent after finishing their work to the lazaretto till next day. Syra is an oddly constructed town. The houses (like those of Malta) are built of white stone, one above the other, on the steep hills around the harbour. The Roman Catholic district is quite distinct from the Greek colony, high on the hills behind it. The houses are mostly detached, and look, even from the harbour, like toy houses built with cards. The Syrans have of

late taken to ship building, and have several small vessels on the stocks, and orders from neighbouring isles. England supplies them with sheet iron, blocks, screws, nails and other materials. Went with Mr. W. and the captain to bathe in the harbour, the guardiamo always accompanying us. We presented a rather odd appearance, the captain having forgotten to remove his neck-tie, and I having dived in with my flannel on. On one side of the harbour of Syra there is a remarkable phenomenon—a brook running down from the hills has formed a channel across the beach, and ships run into this channel and left for two or three days, have their bottoms cleaned as free from fish, shells, weeds and rust as if they had been cleaned by hand in a dry dock.

Greek Passengers. Several Greeks took passages from Syra to Constantinople, all as deck passengers, although some of them, in good circumstances, made attempts to mix with the cabin passengers, wishing to have the best accommodation for the smallest fare ; and one, quite a Greek dandy, in the attire of the last *mode francaise*, with a servant, entered our cabin at dinner time, and would have taken a seat, but was ordered on deck by the captain. Most of these Greeks are travelling east to seek employment. Mahomedans, however poor, are too proud to engage in any domestic service : hence the temporary exodus of the subjects of Otho and the Greek Islands. They leave their native places for a few years, obtain employment as domestic servants and spies in European Turkey, and return to their homes to trade with the wages they have earned. The majority of these servile Greeks are males, and though their wages are high, they are very bad servants—rude, uncivil, morose, hating their Turkish or Christian employers, and frequently absenting themselves from their duties. This is one of the greatest social evils of Turkey, for these Greek servants are ever ready to give to their countrymen full descriptions of the property of their employers, and frequent robbery is the result, not always unaçcompanied by violence. A family at Galata has, at the present time, a Greek domestic who carries a large dagger, and boasts that he has plunged it into the hearts of several of his employers and other persons, and offers to use it at any time in defence of the ladies he is now with. Although he has for some years been faithful to them, he does exactly as he pleases, and is most likely to remain in his present service, notwithstanding the dislike felt for him, as long as he thinks proper, as the wages paid to him are in the nature of a bribe to prevent violence.

HERMIT.

The coast of Thermia is barren, rocky, steep and mountainous, and at the foot of the eastern side, far away from any other human being, lives a hermit in a fantastic grotto, built of white stone and divided into compartments, presenting externally the appearance of a small palace without architectural beauty or regularity. The only way he has of communicating with human beings is by a long path which extends from near the grotto along the slopes of the steep mountain, and every expedition for food or other necessities is a long and laborious pilgrimage. In winter a ship's boat does sometimes put into one of the creeks with food, but this cannot be done except when the sea is quite calm. This modern Diogenes reminds one of Epictetus, a celebrated stoic philosopher, a man of remarkable fortitude and equanimity, born in the first century of our era, who is said by Origen to have dwelt alone in a miserable hut without any furniture, except a bed and a lamp; but afterwards. for the sake of a poor foundling he had taken home, he was induced to hire an attendant. Epictetus was at one period of his life the slave of Epaphroditus, who amused himself one day by twisting his leg. Epictetus mildly warned him that he would break it, and when it was actually broken by violence, the youthful stoic calmly remarked, " Did I not tell you you would do so ?"

ASIA MINOR.

Smyrna. From Syra the ship's course was by Tenos, the boundary Island of the Archipelago of Greece, through the strait between Chios and the Cape of Smyrna in Asia Minor. This part of Asia Minor is the site of ancient Troy. Along the shore are numerous tumuli, supposed to be the " general tomb" of the Greeks who fell in the savage encounters during the siege of Troy :

> " In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
> Thro' heaps of carnage search the mournful plain,
> Scarce could the friend his slaughtered friend explore,
> With dust dishonored and deformed with gore.
> The wounds they washed, their pious tears they shed,
> And laid along their cars deplored the dead,
> . . . . with silent haste
> The bodies decent on the piles were placed

The cold remains consume with equal care,
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair,
Now ere the morn had streaked with red 'ning light,
The doubtful confines of the day and night,
About the dying flames the Greeks appeared
And round the pile a general tomb they reared!"

After nearly forty-eight hours in the Archipelago, while not a breeze stirred the sails, nor a plant relieved the eye from the glaring sun, the arid rocks, and the still bright waters, the voyager can rest his delighted eyes on the verdant plains of Smyrna and almost envy the turbaned Turks its possession. Trees, plants, fruits, flowers, birds, and beasts abound, and nature has lavishly prepared for all the necessities of animal life. Labour is not required to enable man to subsist, as the land produces a superabundance, and the surplus is sent annually overland, on the backs of camels, to the Gulf of Smyrna, to be shipped to other less favored lands, England receiving a large proportion.

Smyrna Harbour. "Several natural phenomena confer on this harbour peculiarities not elsewhere observed. Sometimes the power of refraction is so great as altogether to change the aspect of distant objects: ships sailing up, see the city as it were just under their bows, when it suddenly disappears; and when it is again perceptible, it is on the distant horizon. From the constant action of the sun on the air, at the extreme end of the harbour, where it is encircled by an amphitheatre of high hills, a considerable degree of rarefaction takes place, and the heated air ascending leaves a vacuum below into which the colder rushes. This constant and regular trade-wind is peculiarly favorable to the commerce of the port, as ships are wafted by it to their stations with the unerring certainty of steamboats.

"In the year 1402 Tamerlane besieged the city, and, in order to prevent all communication by sea, he ordered every soldier to take a stone in his hand and drop it in the mouth of the harbour. By this he hoped not only to keep out their allies, but to shut in all who would attempt to escape. The ships in the harbour passed over the mound before it was sufficiently high to obstruct their passage; and the disappointed barbarian caused a thousand prisoners to be decapitated, and with their heads, mixed with stones, erected a tower near the spot to commemorate his attempt."

Birthplace of Homer. This Town, the "Queen of the Cities of

Anatolia," is supposed to be the birthplace of Homer. It has been ten times destroyed by war, and uniformly risen from its ruins with greater splendour. The population is about 140,000, above one half of them Turks and the remainder Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Franks. Each nation is protected by its own consul and has a distinct quarter of the town to live in. This custom of location of races appears to prevail in all the cities of Turkey and Greece.

Among the hills of Smyrna, not far from the town, there is a powerful band of Greek brigands who divide themselves into small detachments for plunder, and waylay travellers, who are without escort, rob and ill-treat, and not unfrequently murder them that they may tell no tales; others are detained, and messages sent to their friends offering liberty on receipt of a ransom of ten, twenty, or thirty thousand piastres. These Greek bandits have relatives who are servants to families in surrounding districts, and obtain information of their intended movements. In the year 1855 a party of sportsmen left Smyrna in search of the robbers, determined to attack, and, if possible, capture some. They did not find them; but one of the party strayed from his friends and he was captured, ill-treated, and had to be ransomed by a heavy payment.

Passing MITYLENE,—and TENEDOS, an Island famous for the bad wine supplied to the allied armies during the war,—and keeping our course along Besica Bay, where the British fleet proudly floated in 1854, we enter the

DARDANELLES.

The coast along each side is very beautiful, prolific in trees, meadows, hill, and dale, and dotted with villages and handsome country residences. The Turks forbid any vessels to enter the Dardanelles between sunset and sunrise, and numbers of stone forts, built along both shores, well supplied with mounted guns and heavy STONE SHOT, which being fired into a ship break on the deck into little bits, like English shells, and deal destruction around, enforce the prohibition. The bays on both banks afford good anchorage for shipping and form natural harbours in which vessels of heavy tonage ride secure. About half way through the strait we are opposite the celebrated scenes of

LEANDER'S exploits. This chivalrous youth is supposed to have swam frequently from Sestos, on the European side of the Hellespont (Dardanelles)

to Abydos, on the Asiatic side, to see his charming mistress Hero. The waters of the Hellespont are sometimes very rough, and from Sestos to Abydos is about three miles across. The stream always runs one way, from the Black Sea to the Grecian Archipelago, and Leander, therefore, had to swim evening and morning about four or five miles. Our contemporaries are divided in opinion as to the truth of the romantic account of this daring lover. The whole account may be merely poetic and originated by Musœus in the fourth century, whose poem of "The Love and Tragical Fate of Leander" is still extant. At various times bridges of boats have connected both sides of the Hellespont, at a point between Sestos and Abydos, which is not much more than a mile across. The army of Xerxes crossed here, B.C. 480, by a bridge of boats which remained a long time: for, nearly half a century afterwards, it is described by Herodotus who was on the spot. Darius, his father, on his Scythian expedition, had also crossed the channel of Constantinople on a bridge of boats: and so did the army of Alexander, B.C. 334, when he and his friend Hephœstion did honour to the mounds that were said to contain the remains of Achilles and Patroclus; and as the sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus are very wide and frequently very stormy, the Hellespont is the only practicable passage for such a purpose. Leander, therefore, may have passed over the bridge of boats instead of repeatedly swimming. The truth of the poem of Musœus is, however, strengthened by the building called The Tower of Hero, constructed at Abydos, at the commencement of our era, and by a romantic tower nearly midway between The Golden Horn and Scutari, called Leander's Tower, built in the fourth century by Constantine and now extant. We also know that Byron swam from Sestos to Abydos, although he calls the account of Leander's feats "the doubtful story."

"If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont:
If, when the wintry Tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,—
Fair Venus! how I pity both!
For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,

Tho' in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I 've done a feat to day.
But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;
'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you.
He lost his labor, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I 've the ague."

BYRON. May 9, 1810.

GALLIPOLI. August 22nd. 4 P.M. We are opposite Gallipoli, at which the passengers have been staring, for an hour or two, through their glasses. The stream is rather strong against us; but a refreshing breeze, the first that has greeted us from Malta hither, cools the brow and enables us to breathe freely. This little peninsula town is built on the margin of one of the bays, so numerous along both sides of this coast, and is rather picturesque, many of the houses being built of white stone, and all interspersed with an abundance of trees and plants. The town is apparently very poor and dirty, has very little trade, and, until the recent war brought it into notice, was never of any consequence. Gallipoli was the first Greek town taken by the Ottomans (1357) when the Emperor John Palæologus said: he had "only lost a jar of wine and a sty for hogs," in allusion to the magazines and cellars built by Justinian. On the south side of the city are Tumuli, said to be the sepulchres of the ancient Thracian Kings; and north-east of the town are some ruins supposed to be the remains of the ancient city.

THE SEA OF MARMORA, OR PROPONTIS.

Steaming along the Sea of Marmora, with the breeze and the stream still against us, and making but little way; pass the Island of Marmora at midnight, having sighted it two hours before. Approach the

PRINCESS ISLANDS, anciently called the Demon Islands, and said to have been haunted by foul spirits, but now called Princess Islands from a royal lady taking shelter there from her pursuer. They consist of a group of nine

Islands between Kadikoi in Asia and the Bay near Mount Olympus, on one of which (Kalki) are three hills and three convents. One of these convents is now a college in which ancient and modern Greek, French, writing and arithmetic are taught to about sixty students, all Greeks. The Islands are the favorite resort of the wealthy from Constantinople, who go by steamer in the afternoon and stay till next day, when the steamer brings them back to Galata Bridge. The wind has abated and the Sea of Marmora is as calm as the Thames at Twickenham. Day is breaking. The passengers of the good ship Teneriffe leave their cabins and are charmed by the most gorgeous sunrise their eyes ever beheld. Cloud upon cloud in the horizon, tinged with the most delicate colors, emerge, roll away, and are succeeded by other groups of clouds, each in its turn softening the lustre of the God of Day; a few minutes more, he rises above them all, and fills the space above and around with a glory that makes one wonder how man can cram his fancy with priest-made Deities, while Nature presents him daily such a shrine to worship at. When the admiring eyes have feasted on this matchless scene, they are attracted by a number of glittering spires, the gilt minarets that decorate the mosques of the city of the Sultan. A few minutes more and we approach the western extremity of this favored place, extending along the margin of the sea nearly ten miles.

CONSTANTINOPLE,

Built on seven hills, rising one above another to a considerable height, the houses surrounded by cypress trees, plane trees, and mosques interspersed along the whole line, with the Sultan's palaces and numerous forts along the coast, and high towers on the hills, presents a magnificent *coup d'œil.*

> "Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
> Here and there studded with a seventy four:
> Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
> The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
> The twelve Isles, and the more than I could dream,
> Far less describe."

"This wonderful city, (says Miss Pardoe), seen from the Sea of Marmora, is as singular as it is beautiful. The wall by which it is enclosed is separated from the water only by a narrow wharf or terrace, pierced at intervals by

a close lattice-work, through which the fair tenants can look out upon the sun-lighted waves, and on to the fantastic islands of the Propontis: in some places overgrown by the most luxuriant parasites, among which are conspicuous the rich dark leaves of the ivy, and the clustering verdure of the gorgeous caper plant, with its galaxy of blossoms; and, in others, surmounted by a light and graceful kiosque, now tarnished by the weather and mouldering in disuse."

This enchanting city has been subjected to many chances and changes. Byzantium, the present Seraglio point, built by the Megarians, B.C. 667, was fiercely contested by Persians, Spartans, and Athenians; taken by the Romans before the Christian Era; made the seat of Empire by Constantine, A.D. 330; attacked four separate times by the Russians in 865, 904, 941, and 1043; in 1204 taken and pillaged by the Crusaders; recovered by the Greeks in 1261; and finally captured by Mahmoud in 1453. The Greeks intend storming it in about fourteen years, when they hope to drive out the Osmanlis and re-establish the Greek Empire. Although the whole of European Turkey is called Constantinople, Stamboul alone forms Constantinople proper, and is the Turkish City.

The Hippodrome, near Saint Sophia, is a large quadrangular Court, 250 paces long and 150 broad, in which four remarkable columns are placed: one of marble brought from Egypt, a second of marble brought from Delphos, a third of bronze, and a fourth called the Burnt Column of porphyry. The marble column brought from Egypt by the Greeks is of Thebaic stone, a four cornered pyramid* of one single piece, about fifty feet high, covered on the sides by hieroglyphics. The machines used in raising it are represented in bas-relief. Nicetas observes that on its top there was placed a brazen pine-apple, which was thrown down by an earthquake. The second obelisk, which is broader, is formed of square pieces of marble, and was once completely covered with brazen plates. The top has fallen off, and the remainder amazes one by retaining its position, being kept together by the weight only of the pieces resting on each other. Its base is marble, and about fifteen feet square. The third is a very curious spiral column, cast in bronze, and originally terminated

* This pyramid is much larger than the one brought to France by Napoleon, and now standing in the *Place de la Concorde,* Paris, and which, in imitation of the one at the Hippodrome, has on its sides representations of the machine used in raising it.

in the heads of three serpents, which were broken away at different periods. The fourth, called the Burnt Column, from its being smoke-dried and charred by the numerous accidental fires in the vicinity, is formed of pieces of porphyry held together by copper fastenings, and report says that, for many generations, Constantine's statue rested on its top.

Aqueducts.* The Aqueduct of Pyrgos, near Constantinople, forms a portion of the extensive solid hydraulic works with which that capital was supplied with water after it became the seat of Empire. It is remarkable in design and execution, and considered a fair specimen of the style of such structures by the Romans in the middle ages; formed of two branches composed of three rows of arches, and in some places eighty feet high, it conveys water from the Valley of Belgrade, a distance of fifteen miles, to several parts of the Imperial City. Part of this aqueduct is attributed to Justinian, and part to the Turks. In Constantinople there are immense subterraneous "cisterns," into which a considerable quantity of the water is conducted by branch pipes. Some of these cisterns have the roof supported by numerous marble columns, one of them alone, now partly dry, sustained by one hundred and eleven such columns, is used by Armenians as a spinning-ground. This cistern, seen from the top of the stair-way through an atmosphere always damp and never brighter than twilight, youthful spinners moving about between the columns like Londoners on a foggy night, the distant sounds of the busy spinning-wheels and the faint echoes of the distant voices, remind one of the shades of the ancients, where the dead walked about perceptible to the sight, but not to the touch.

The Bazaars are narrow roofed streets, some miles in length, built with irregularity, in which the daily transactions range from a pennyworth of

* These channels for conveying water have existed during all recorded ages. Solomon erected one that conveyed water from the pools and fountains near Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and the Romans built many of them very extensive and handsome, one alone bringing water into the city from a distance of sixty miles to supply fish-ponds, baths, private houses and artificial lakes; and nine of these aqueducts delivering daily into the city twenty-eight millions of cubic feet of water. The Maintenon Aqueduct Bridge that supplies Versailles with water is nearly one mile long. An extensive one in India distributes the water of the Ganges through the north-west provinces of Bengal. The Croton Aqueduct, that supplies the city of New York with water, is considered the most magnificent erected in modern times. One at Edinburgh conducts the water from a distance of seven miles into the city.

CISTERN OF YERÈ BATAN SERAÏ.

tobacco to a jewelled ring, watch, or necklace valued at thousands of pounds. Each trade has a separate bazaar or street. They are crowded by men, women, horses, mules, arabas, in the greatest confusion. There is no particular place for either of them to journey on, neither right side nor wrong; and any passenger is liable to be jostled by any other, or to have a horse tread on his toes, a wheel pass over his foot, or a hamel (porter) thrust him on one side to make room for a bale of goods or a barrel of water. A visit to these bazaars greatly disappoints an European, who having an idea that Burlington Arcade, Lowther Bazaar, and the passages of the Palais Royal were but poor imitations of the Turkish Bazaars, find, that although the merchandize in some of them is rich and costly, the roadways are dirty, narrow, ill-paved, and provokingly inconvenient. But the manner of trading strikes the stranger as the most remarkable feature in these bazaars.

Turkish Traders. The happy inactive Turk, sitting with folded legs on a soft cushion surrounded by his wares, devotes himself to smoking the Tchibouque, which he believes his principal duty on this earth, and only to be disturbed or varied by his attendance at the mosque and obesiances to the sun in its career between rising and setting. With the Tchibouque he whiles away the time, occasionally sipping a very small cup of coffee, almost as strong as brandy, and willing but not anxious to sell his merchandize. When asked about any article for sale, he considers that a direct answer satisfies the enquiry, and it is not until a direct demand to shew the goods is made that he takes the trouble to rise from his seat, pull several times at the Tchibouque to prevent its going out, and then deliberately places it in a forward position that he may smoke again in happy oblivion as soon as the troublesome customer will allow him. Meanwhile the purchaser has been seen by others, and

The Jew, the Persian, the Greek and Armenian traders make an attack upon him, like wolves upon a lamb,—each with some tempting article of personal adornment; and few are the chances in favor of an Englishman's escape without making a purchase. One Armenian shews about a dozen rings on his fingers, for one of which he asks 6000 piastres, (£48.,) and a Maltese draws from his pocket a gold watch, which he informs the stranger was stolen last week, and can therefore be sold for a few pounds.

The kindly disposition of the Turk is well illustrated here, for not-

withstanding the want of space and the consequent loss of time in passing through the bazaars, hundreds of dogs are allowed to lie about, undisturbed except by an occasional sly blow from some Greek, or a kick from one of the Arabian ponies constantly traversing the crowded ways. Pigeons also in great numbers fly about Stamboul, supported by the Turks; they wander where they like, about the markets, on the tops of the fountains, through the bazaars, 2000 of them having held possession, generation after generation, of one of the mosques. This kindness is shewn also in the Ottoman care of their poor—for whom no workhouse is provided, but like the English, before the poor law enacted in Elizabeth's time, every Turk considers it a duty to give alms to the aged and the poor; some sitting by the way-side, and others calling at the residences and country houses at which they are sure to obtain relief. One is surprised to see, for the first time,

Money Changers at Constantinople, and in all the villages along the Bosphorus; poor men with hands full, and rich men with heaps of coin and Turkish bank notes, sit about for the accommodation of persons who require change. These money-changers are Armenians and Jews. They give the full change without deduction. They are as acute as the three American boys, who were locked up in a room together, and by swopping their clothes realized 50 dollars each; for although the customer is charged nothing for the trouble, the traders make large fortunes by the exchange. The principal moneys circulated in Turkey are the Turkish Lire, valued about 18s., Turkish Bank Notes, value 1s. 8d. and upwards, and the Piastre, about one fifth of a shilling, half Piastre and quarter Piastre, and the Para, one-fifth part of a farthing. There is also a vast mixture of foreign copper coins, French, Austrian, German. English money is also taken freely by those who understand it; and Turks, who do not know the exact value of an English coin, readily trust to the Englishman to explain it to them.

August 24. Rowed in the captain's gig in the

GOLDEN HORN,

So called from its being shaped like an ox's horn, the principal port in Turkey. Hundreds of the largest ships ride here with safety. The length of the harbour is about six miles. On both sides, as at the end of the

bay, hills rise from the water's edge to a considerable height, and the water is deep enough close to the shore for ships at anchor to have their prows resting upon the landing places. Elegant swift boats called

Caiques flit about with great celerity, many of them gorgeously decorated, some carrying captains of Turkish vessels, or Pashas, rowed by 10 men, some with workmen going from or to Asia where they have employment, others with

Turkish Ladies wearing the yakmash or veil tied round the head and face to conceal their beauty from the vulgar gaze, and attended by negro guards. Upon seeing these veiled ladies for the first time the untutored mind is struck with wonder that such a practice should prevail, but 'tis a part of the law in Turkey, that all the female subjects of the Sultan should in public hide their faces so that the eyes and the upper part of the nose only can be seen. The folly of the practice is shewn when one sees the eyes and nose of a negress peeping through, or a haggard shrunken woman, who exposes her legs to the knee, and yet covers the greater part of her face, which the meanest beggar might gaze on without the risk of being smitten. Turkish women of the poorer order wear a thick veil over their faces, while their necks and legs are frequently bare ; but those in easy circumstances wear a veil so fine and thin that their beautiful faces are easily seen through its transparency. The Golden Horn is to Constantinople what the Thames above-bridge is to London. On the Turkish Sabbath (Friday) the population is seen in boats, and arabas, on ponies, and on foot, wending their way to the

Sweet Waters of Europe, as Londoners go on a fine Sunday to Kew and Richmond. These Sweet Waters remind one of Twickenham. The bright sunshine, the grassy knolls, the gently sloping hills, the tall plane trees and the rippling stream which

> "In the leafy month of June
> To the quiet woods all night,
> Singeth a pleasant tune,"

combine with the gay dresses, the happy faces, the simple amusements, and a climate soft as luxury could desire, to make an elysium for the resort of the ease-loving Turks.

Turkish Forces. Anchored in the Golden Horn are five large ships manned by sturdy sailors, many of whom are singing or playing an unmelodious tune on

a fife. But little discipline is shewn among the Turkish forces, either on land or at sea ; those on guard lodge their muskets on their shoulders at a right angle to their bodies while they smoke a cigarette, and place it against the wall to enjoy a few grapes, or a slice of melon.

My first Tchibouque. Landed near the quarter of the Jews, and entered an old fashioned Turkish divan, very poor, ill-furnished, the interior surrounded by long cushioned benches, and the front open next the river. 'Tis kept by an old Turk, who has a boy with a slight knowledge of the French and Italian languages to attend on foreigners. After doubling our legs under us, in true oriental style, a Tchibouque was handed to each, filled with fine Turkish tobacco and accompanied by a cup of coffee. The cup was not larger than the smallest dram glass used in England, but the coffee so strong that a quarter of a pint of water added to it would not have destroyed the flavor. The cup was too small to pour water into ; we therefore drank some from the glass placed on each of our trays, for in Turkey, as in Malta, Greece, Sicily, and France, no refreshment is served unaccompanied by a glass of water, which in summer is always welcome, and the natives, who drink the water before the coffee, recognize foreigners by their drinking the coffee first and the water afterwards. The Turks have built

Three Bridges across the Golden Horn, one of them remarkably neat and well built, and another from Stamboul to Galata exhibits considerable skill, being a floating bridge, with draw-bridges that admit the largest vessels to pass. A tax of about a farthing is charged for crossing this bridge.

FRANK QUARTER.

The opposite side of the Golden Horn, consisting of Top-hanée, Galata, Pera, and Kassim Pacha, is the Frank Quarter in which Greeks, Armenians, English, French and Jews reside, and the trades are carried on. Ship-builders, coopers, masons, tent and sail-makers, and many other trades, distinguish this side of the port from Constantinople, where trading is not the rule, except selling and exchanging in the bazaars.

Galata is at the corner of the Golden Horn, opposite Stamboul. The houses, as on the Turkish side, are all built of wood, except the embassies and a few hotels and houses recently erected. The streets are narrower and dirtier

than those at Stamboul, paved with large irregular stones, worse than any in use in England before the time of McAdam, and, once laid down, never renewed or arranged. Many of these stones have become loosened, and, no one taking the trouble to replace them, lie about most inconveniently for passengers. Among them are several stone door steps which have broken away from their fastenings and taken up a position in which they impede the pasenger traffic, and, either from the power of imitation, so strong in man, or the influence of the climate, even the French, who have shops in these streets, leave the ruts and hillocks as they find them, making no attempt to render these ways conveniently passable.

Arabian Ponies, like those at Malta, are used as saddle-horses here: they manage to thread their way among the deep holes and blocks of stone, constantly slipping from side to side, but recovering themselves without falling, although some of the streets are as steep as Highgate-hill.

GALATA WATCH TOWER,

built by the Genoese to discover foes, is now used to discover fires. A sentinel is placed in the tower by night to keep a look out, and when he discovers a fire, calls to the passengers below to extinguish it. The Turkish guards with their muskets, and the passengers with sticks or umbrellas, beat upon the pavement and draw attention to the spot, and sakkas (water carriers) muster to extinguish the fire. These Aquarii, like their prototype in the celestial system, carry about enough water to quench the thirst of a labourer after his day's work. Their means of *extinguishing a fire* are bottled up in a leathern bag, which is slung on the back or under the left arm. By the united powers, however, of hundreds of them, a fire is sometimes extinguished; and if they fail by this process, the ravages of the destructive element are stayed by pulling down the houses to leeward, and any others that may be in danger. A curious law or custom is said to exist in Turkey with regard to land, viz.: when a house has been destroyed by fire, or pulled down to stay its progress, the freeholder must re-purchase his land, the purchase money being applied towards defraying the expences attendant on extinguishing the fire.

From this tower there is a commanding view of Constantinople, the Sea of Marmora, with Mount Olympus and the Princess Islands, Scutari, Kadikoi,

and the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, Top-hanée, Galata, and the Petit Champs des Morts, Golden Horn, and a vast extent of country rich with the growth of crops and fruits and delightfully green. About half a franc is charged for admission to this charming natural panorama, where hill and dale, mountain and valley, sea and land, plantations and palaces, kiosques and caiques, mosques, marts, and minarets immediately below the tower, sunshine above and around and snow in the distance, form a varied picturesque scene of beauty and grandeur on which the delighted sense loves to linger, until disturbed by the arrival of some new visitor whom one might wish five fathoms deep in the Bosphorus to prevent his disturbing a reverie so entrancing.

Turkish Smoking Divan. Descended the large room about half way down the tower, the resort of foreigners. Here cigars, tchibouques, coffee and water are handed round by an attendant, and Captain B. and I had a tchibouque and ruminated on a window seat. Various persons came and went, most of them smoking and taking coffee. There is an air of stillness prevading a Turkish room, and all who enter it, natives and foreigners, feel its influence. Visitors enter this refreshment room of Galata Tower busy in conversation, the joke and repartee heard trippingly on the tongue. A few minutes more and the genius of the place has subdued the jocund laugh, and the loud conversation gradually diminishes, until those who came to laugh remain—to smoke.

Hotels and Cafes are becoming plentiful, the principal of them established by Frenchmen. The caféjehs or Turkish coffee-houses are in the narrow parts of the oldest streets, most of them very poor, and the best of the visitors sit in an open yard in the rear forming a circle, with their tchibouques and nargilés resting on the ground in the inner circle. These caféjehs are remarkable for their quietude: the taciturnity of the Turks, while sipping coffee and smoking Sultana tobacco, forming a striking contrast to their neighbours the French, who are making cigarettes, smoking, drinking their wine, ale, or coffee, and chatting all day long in the neighbouring cafés or outside them, as on the Boulevards in France.

AUSTRIAN STEAMERS

Trade from the Adriatic to Constantinople and the Levant, calling at ports in the Mediterranean; five or six of their boats anchored in the Golden Horn at

the present time are clean, well built, and well managed by a discipline as strict as that enforced in the Austrian armies. The government has an interest in the marine trade, and uses every means to prevent competition in those seas as well as on the Danube, where a Frenchman, Captain Magnan, lately travelling by an Austrian boat and known to have an interest in a French opposition company just started to trade on the Danube, was detained by the Austrian authorities and afterwards released, but the boatman who had conveyed him was censured by the authorities and found dead on the beach next morning.

PERA.

The suburb, so called from a Greek word signifying "beyond," forms the head quarters of diplomacy, and is chiefly inhabited by Franks, subject to their own domestic laws and protected by their own ambassadors. In 1831 a great fire in this district consumed about 20,000 houses, including the British Embassy and all that it contained, the ambassador being at the time at Therapia, a charming village on the Bosphorus. The ambassadors and *charges d'affairés* from various nations reside at Pera in winter, and on the Bosphorus in the summer. Russia and France have handsome diplomatic palaces here, and England has a very pretty residence for an embassy, which, however, it is proposed to present to the Turks, as Britain is to have one built of a style and grandeur commensurate with her importance. The English hotels are as unlike the French hotels and cafés as these are unlike the Turkish caféjehs.

Misseri's Hotel is the principal in Turkey, built by Englishmen at the highest and best part of Pera. Nothing can be more stately or better constructed. Quiet as a church, ere winter has compelled all England to cough through the service. Servants who speak all languages line the hall, and are very attentive, especially an agreeable, comely, naïve, good looking young woman, a native of Switzerland, who is the perfection of chambermaids, as the rooms testify. Unobtrusive, but ever at hand; speaking several languages; exhibiting an anxiety for every lodger, and delighted to hear the "*Bon jour*" of the formal Englishman;

> "Indeed, she shines all smiles, and seems to flatter
> Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her."

Misseri's Hotel is the resort of the English, who are said, on the continent, to go where the charges are highest. Seventeen francs per day are charged for lodging, breakfast, and dinner, and one for servants—fourteen shillings and twopence per day. Déjeûner—cold meat and fowl, hot chops, coffee, tea, bread, butter, cheese, and vin ordinaire. Dîner—soup, fish, vegetables, poultry and meat cut up à la Française, vin ordinaire, fruit in great variety, gateaux and a cup of coffee; and a thirsty lodger may have a small quantity of wine during the day without extra charge. The beds are surrounded by mosquito curtains, a great luxury in this climate. My chum of the Teneriffe stayed at an hotel where mosquitos abounded and marked his face and hands like a plum pudding until he devised a plan for destroying them, viz.: covering himself with the bed-clothes, excepting one hand which was left as a trap. The mosquitos forced their sting into the exposed hand, which, being immediately closed, prevented a withdrawal of the sting, and a blow from the other hand killed them before they could escape. The company consisted of three or four French, as many Italians and Germans, and a few ladies, and above a dozen English captains and majors of the line, and generals of Bashi-Bazouks. The French and Italians are social; the English exclusive, dressing in their regimentals for dinner, and drinking champagne after.

Captain Mississippi, a gaunt gentleman of middle height, descended in a direct line from one of the European Sovereigns, which of them did not seem quite certain. He was the critic and lexicographer of the company, and kindly took upon himself to correct every one, whether right or wrong, and to explain the correct view of every subject from the Zoophyte to the steam-engine. Had been to Timbuctoo and therefore understood the figure of the earth, the tides, currents and winds. Had steamed to Mogador, and denied that Hercules could have "grasped the ocean with a span" - by extending his legs across the Strait of Gibraltar. Had considered the question of colonial rule, and was prepared to explain to the government the reform required and the means of rendering the Cape a happy and contended colony. The questions of free trade, income tax, exchange, funding, French alliance, or any other subject interesting to the present generation, he settled with the minuteness of a microscope and the clearness of a Greenwich pensioner's telescope. He was in high favor with the ladies, to whom he had delivered a discourse on erratic errors and diminutive

discrepancies. They could not understand him, but felt that he was a genius. The gentlemen looked upon him as an amusing curiosity sent to kill time, but declined to argue with him during the hot weather. He had married early in life, in the hope of having two daughters whom he would train as models of human perfection; and failing in this particular, was content to concentrate in his own person the advantageous qualities he had originally designed to share with them. He appeared to be fortune-hunting; and if a clear head, indefatigable industry, and consummate address, are the means by which she is to be run down, he is likely to succeed.

Major Smaulmakup is an officer of one of the Bashi-Bazouk regiments. He struts about the hotel entrance, smoking a cigar, like Bombastes of stage fame; is very conceited, talks loudly on all occasions, as if he were still giving orders for military movements, is proud of his regimentals and his personal appearance. or station, or gait, we cannot ascertain which without putting the question. which would be dangerous. He eats and drinks enormously when not talking. and talks enormously when not eating and drinking; a ferocious man of the Don Quixote order, but of diminutive proportions, presenting the appearance of a hero who has been subjected to experiments in an exhausted receiver and come out quite shrunk. He travels with us by boat to Marseilles where he elopes with a frail French passenger, with whom we find him afterwards in a railway carriage bound for Paris.

Herr Fitzmudlewhell is an aspiring young gentleman, with a tendency to grandeur; and not quite satisfied with nature's favors, leaves no means untried to improve upon her by the aid of the tailor and cosmetique dealer. The possessor of a good bust, great shrewdness, considerable talent and comprehension on all subjects of ordinary interest. He has been placed in a mercantile house with a tolerable income, but fancies his proper destiny is in the artistic world or the guards, and consequently not refusing the profits of trade, devotes himself to the cultivation of his whiskers and sculpture. He has produced some medallions and statuettes which are much commended among his friends, especially a Tom-Thumb giant, an original subject on which he raised great hopes; but the world is so deficient in artistic taste that his models are far from being in request, although the missionaries of art daily exhibit them to the public gaze on the railings and broad pavements of his native city. He had built some handsome

castles with the expected proceeds of these fine-art labors; but somehow the structures which were meant to be permanent were found to be fleeting, while the delicate productions which were expected to be in demand for the decoration of palaces and public exhibitions remained in the studio a standing disappointment to which many a clever fellow has had to submit. He gives orders to the waiters with a haughty air, looks down upon the host of the hotel, requests that his boots may be brought up by some person with clean hands, and declares that if he ever has sons they shall be bred to the profession of a gentleman.

There are some charming views from the housetop and from some of the rooms. Invited by two well-bred Italians to smoke a cigar in their sitting-room. They, like myself, were on a tour, and we subsequently went to Kadikoi together. They spoke Italian, German, French, and a little English, and were excellent company.

The street leading to Pera is very steep, narrow and ill paved, and although only about three-fourths of a mile in length, no one inflicts on himself the labor of ascending and descending it more than once per day. It is crowded by Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Circassians and Jews, selling fruit, cakes, watches, pictures, clothes, and a variety of vary-colored drinks. Dogs lie about in dozens, horses, donkeys, mules and porters, compel the traveller to be vigilant, and the presence of Greeks reminds him that property is fleeting! No one living in this district, worth sixpence, ventures to leave his residence after sunset, or too early in the morning, unless in company, and well armed. Robbery and murder being common. There are no constables in Turkey, except a few gens d'armes, not over active to protect property or detect rogues, and passengers will not interfere lest they should be afterwards waylaid. Mr. W. relates an incident illustrative of these doings. He was walking along a main street in Galata, and noticed two Greeks talking together. Upon approaching nearer, one of them leaped into the air and fell down dead. The other wiped the blade of his long dagger between his lips* and walked away. On another occasion several Greeks were humming a tune in the public street. No one noticed them particularly until they strengthened the sounds suddenly, which drew attention. The Greeks gradually dispersed, all but one, who stood against the wall a corpse. A dagger had been dug into his heart, and the loud singing was evidently to conceal his groans.

* Tasting the blood of a victim is supposed to prevent remorse.

CHAMPS DES MORTS OR CEMETERIES OF TURKEY.

The custom of the Mahommedans of burying but one corpse in a grave has necessitated extensive burial grounds which skirt the roads for miles with but short intervals. The Petit Champs des Morts at Pera is very large ; its main features are fractured tombs, lazy dogs, and cypresses ; no sound is heard but the rattling of the dry berry on the cypress tree, or the tramp of mules bearing bricks or wood slowly threading their way between the tombstones, or a dejected family dolorously bemoaning the loss of a relative. The mid-day sun is shining brilliantly on the waters below, the city beyond, and the distant mountains ; boatmen ply the oars, larks are carolling above, and the busy hum of men mingles with the hissing of a dozen steamers at the bridge of Galata. Skirting this scene of activity, and overlooking it all, is the cemetery—lonely, silent as the dead beneath its sod ! A plaintive moan breaks through the silence ; the wailing of a man is heard, accompanied by deep sobs ! On approaching a secluded spot, sitting on a mound of earth surrounded by a thicket, are three women, and a youth with a swollen face and glaring eyes. He is shaking his head, and violently repeating in a sepulchral voice, " La Allah—illah—Allah ! " (There is but one God !) interrupted occasionally by a cessation of the shaking of the head, and calling aloud, " Téphani, Téphani ! " The females are immovable as statues ; their bodies bent over the earth. There is no interruption of the scene, but the shaking of the head and lamentation increase in violence. Twenty minutes elapse, and I conclude the poor fellow is an idiot, and the women his guardians, and with depressed spirits leave the scene. Upon inquiry, it appears that they have been engaged in devotional exercise, and that " Téphani " so loudly bellowed was the name of a deceased relative buried beneath the spot, and this incantation, it was hoped, would enable him to traverse the sharp edge of the sword of death and arrive safely in Allah's celestial halls.

MOSQUES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

These Mahommedan churches are very picturesque. Their vaulted domes and gilt minarets rising far above the houses, surrounded frequently by tall plane trees, whose graceful branches form canopies that shelter the heads of hundreds of gaily dressed loungers ; and a richly sculptured marble fountain in the vicinity, a few mules, and occasionally laden camels, make a scene as enchanting as

the traveller could desire or imagination depict. The richest mosque in this city is Santa Sophia, the cathedral of old Constantinople, dedicated to Wisdom, and built A.D. 325 by Constantine, the Christian emperor, set fire to in the year 404, by Saint Chrysostom, and rebuilt by Theodosius, 415. Twenty years afterwards half the dome fell in. "Every species of marble, granite, and porphyry, Phrygian white marble with rose colored stripes, green marble from Laconia, blue from Lybia, black Celtic marble with white veins, Thessalian, Molossian, Proconessian marble, Bosphorus marble with black veins, Egyptian starred granite and saitic porphyry were all employed." A tax was levied on the people for the expenses of the building, and caused great discontent. When the Turks took possession of Constantinople they added four minarets and changed it into a mosque. Presented myself at the door of this mosque; but my dragoman, a native of Naxos, who hates the Osmanlis, had a quarrel with the one who held the keys of the mosque, and in consequence we had to go to another instead. The Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, in the Hippodrome, is considered the chief mosque, and the only one in the Turkish Empire with six minarets. Springing from the ground are four enormous marble columns, measuring thirty-six yards each in circumference. There are also several handsome columns of porphyry, a minber (pulpit) cut out of a solid stone and richly gilt and decorated. Suspended from the dome are numerous lamps, richly gilt and set with precious stones; six of them are set with emeralds, and suspended by golden chains. Rich cushions and copies of the Koran, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, lie about for use. The whole structure is grand in architecture and gorgeous in decoration. The work of one man!—yet it shames the petty structure built by a nation for the accommodation of Queen, Lords, and Commons. The base appears larger than the base of Saint Paul's, but the dome is not quite so high. A rug is laid across the steps at the portal, upon which the infidel or non-muslimin wishing to enter must step. He is then required to take off his shoes, lest the dust from them should pollute the sanctuary.* At Sultan Ahmed's Mosque a compromise is made, and the Giaour puts his feet into a pair of large Turkish slippers kept by the attendants for the purpose.

* Stupid as this custom seems, the East Indian government have adopted it, and persons wishing to see the governor or his representative, in any one of the presidencies, "must take off his shoes before entering the apartment, *unless he wears straps*," in which case the regulation is not enforced.

Mohammedan Worship. In the gallery—on the ground—on the cushions—everywhere around Muslimin are praying or chanting extracts from the Koran, bowing their heads to the east, some in a sitting posture like the toy mandarins sold in England—others kneeling and bending down their bodies till their foreheads touch the ground—all very devout and enthusiastic, praying or chanting aloud, and, as there is no unity or concert among them, producing a buzzing confused sound not agreeable to the unpractised ear. The Iman (priest) in the minber is delivering a discourse which is quite supererogatory, as the devotees are wrapped up each in his own thoughts and engaged in his own separate devotions, praising Allah, Abraham, or Mahommed. Visitors enter and view the mosque, and pass out again quite unnoticed, not however as a right nor unaccompanied by an Osmanli. The law does not sanction the entrance of an infidel—that is to say, a Greek, Christian, Hindoo, Quaker, Shaker, or any person not a Moslem—into any mosque; but in Constantinople it is now permitted, although strictly prohibited in other parts of the empire, and an Englishman has just been severely beaten by some Turks for entering a suburban mosque during the service.

August 29th. Hired a couple of ponies for self and dragoman, and proceeded in the saddle down the steep uneven streets of Pera, somewhat apprehensive of the pony falling; gained confidence very soon upon finding that although he slipped and stumbled continually, he avoided falling. We were successful in obtaining two English saddles, for the Turkish saddle-frames, made of wood, are very clumsy and fatiguing to ride in. Crossed over the Petits Champs des Morts; traversed the Middle Bridge over the Golden Horn to Stamboul, through the bazaars and the old city to the Seven Towers, one of the remarkable sights of Constantinople. They were built in the fourth century. Each of them overlooks the city and suburbs, and commands a view of the Sea of Marmora. They enclose a large gallery and deep well, and chambers in which in times gone by prisoners were confined, as appears by their inscriptions cut in the stone walls. These towers are well placed for defending the town from attack, but are in a sad state of decay.

Leaving the city we rode outside the old wall, which surrounds it on the land side, and is flanked by a deep ditch now dry. The roads are very dusty and uneven: a dead horse, lying where he fell some weeks since on the road-

way—sausages not being in demand in Turkey—causes my pony to shy over to the other side where dead men's tombs extend, almost uninterrupted by road or ploughed field, for miles away. Reach the bank of the Golden Horn again and ride on the short dry grass to the Sweet Waters of Europe, (mentioned in page 25), at the source of the Golden Horn. There are three Sundays or Sabbaths kept in Turkey: on Friday the Moslem "Juma," on Saturday the Jew Sabbath, and next day the Christian Sunday; and each of them is to some extent observed by all the inhabitants of Turkey, less business is done and excursions by land and by water drain the capital of a large proportion of the residents. This day (Friday) being the Moslem Juma, a fête is held in the valley. The water flowing from the height is conducted direct to some stone basins and fountains, in the neighbourhood of a handsome kiosque and a suburban palace, the resort of the Sultan and his family on fête days. On the hill tops horsemen are galloping in short races. On the waters are gay companys in gilded caiques. In the valleys pic-nic parties, and approaching by the roads, pedestrians, cake, coffee, tobacco, and sweet water vendors, and veiled beauties in arabas richly ornamented and drawn by Arabian ponies. We dismount and refresh ourselves with bread and coffee and make a cigarette each, and then canter away along the turfy uplands, and meet the Sultan and four of his sons, each in a separate araba driven by a coachman on the box, and attended by a chief eunuch (a nigger), and about ten cavalry soldiers dressed in imitation of English lancers.

The bright sun is shining and birds singing high above us, gay holiday-keepers in varied costumes line the roads, in every direction, as far as the eye can see; the brilliant city reflected sparkling in the waters of the Horn beneath us; and we linger to glance around again ere we trot into the busy town of Galata and ascend the steep and rugged road to Pera.

Steamers in Turkey plying from the Golden Horn to the Princess Islands, Scutari, and the Bosphorus are very few and insufficient. They commence running at a quarter past eight in the morning (Mahommedan time), are generally crammed with passengers, and make very few journeys. They do not run from two o'clock to three, and cease altogether early in the afternoon; and persons requiring to go to any place by water, must then hire a caique, which is safe in smooth water only, and the boatman constantly requires the pas-

sengers to trim the slight boat to prevent its capsizing. These caiques are nearly all rowed by one man each, and the passengers sit, *not on seats* stretched across as in England, but on cushions placed at the bottom of the boat, and in this position, with the head just above the sides, have an agreeable lounge and glide along swiftly and smoothly. When, however, the sea runs at all rough, which it does frequently, with the wind off the Asian coast, caiques dare not leave their moorings, and the old trading skiffs are turned into passenger boats until the waters become calm again. The sculls and oars used on these waters are thick and bulbous between the hands and the rowlocks by which they balance the long blade and lighten the labour of pulling.

THE BOSPHORUS.

Which extends from the Pontus (Euxine) to the Propontis (Marmora) contains the prettiest and the grandest scenery in the immediate vicinity of Constantinople. The summer residences of Ambassadors to Turkey, of rich Armenians and Pachas, Turkish ministers, English and Greek merchants, interspersed between the white marble palaces of the Sultan and his family, on both sides of the Bosphorus, have a charming effect among the trees and hills, while the deep bays and verdant promontories protect the villages from the boisterous north winds and afford good anchorage.

The Turkish villages on the shore are all backed by landscapes of grassy knolls or sloping hills. Visited a friend at Orta Köi (centre village) a large dirty village, built very irregularly, at the mouth of a valley and intersected by a ravine. A kiosque is built on the shore close to the landing place, and a walk of ten minutes leads through the old town to the English quarter, built on two hills, where the residences are very large and pretty, mostly gained by ascending three terraces, each fronted with white lattice-work on which the green creeping plants are trained. These residences, viewed from the sea on a sunny day, the kiosque with the old village behind it, the large picturesque houses above the village, surmounted by the "Yildiz" palace, and the extensive cemetry of Top-hanée, with its thousand cypress trees, in the background, are enchanting. The residence of my host is very extensive and at present occupied by three branches of his family with their sons and daughters. The

drawing-room is fitted in the Turkish style, a continuous cushion extending all round except where the principal door opens, and serving as a lounge and smoking divan. Grapes, tomatos, melons, and other fruits, grow freely in the gardens, and the open country in the rear being very little cultivated, affords ample riding and shooting grounds.

All the villages along this coast from Top-hanée to the Black Sea, although very picturesque, are long, irregular, and fallen much into decay, and in most of them a large proportion of the houses are uninhabited. In others where families reside, an attempt at entertainment is made by strumming on worn out pianos from which all the melody was driven before they left England and France. The villagers, native and foreign, spend most of their time smoking, playing billiards, cards, and dominoes in open cafés, or sleeping snugly in the corners of their rooms.

Walked from Orta Köi to Pera, and about half way sat down at noon to admire a beautiful landscape. Looking over a deep dry ravine, a valley was perceptible, formed by undulating hills and small plantations. There was no human being near to be seen. This was a delightful solitude for a weary traveller, where Nature had distributed her beautiful productions and man had not yet *improved* them. After a time a buzzing sound began like the sounds of distant human voices, and crossing the ravine and descending into a valley beheld a large collection of Turks pic-nic-ing and ascended a hill in order to have a good point de vue. There were hundreds of both sexes, with their families, sitting in all imaginable positions and smoking tchibouques, cigars and cigarettes, eating cakes and drinking coffee, water, lemonade, and other refreshments: musicians, vocal and instrumental, tumblers, with merrymen, jokers, and fruit, sugared-water, and cake-venders. They had selected for their festivities a round pond or basin, above which arose seven stone terraces surmounted by some architectural monuments. Ladies of high and low degree were smoking, while sitting on the ground, and as all the women adopt a ferijeh (dress) of a particular family color early in life, and continue to wear it on all festive occasions, the reader may imagine the brilliant effect of 200 or more of them lit up by a meridian sun, on a clear day, in an eastern clime. Sat down among the men, who took up positions apart from the women, made cigarettes for myself, and the polite attendants brought me fire, for which there

SCUTARI CEMETERY.

1. Male. 2. Female. 3. Minister.

was no charge, and coffee, for which a charge of only half a piastre (one penny) was made. The fête was very simple, consisting principally of good Latakia tobacco and the merrymen's bad jokes.

September 1st. Crossed in a Steamer to

SCUTARI.

It was here that the Persians used to pay their tribute to the Greeks. Walked through the cemetery, which appeared about three miles long and in some parts nearly as broad. This vast city of the dead is covered with cypresses, and the solitary passenger sees nought else but tombstones and hears nothing but the sound of the cypress nut as the wind shakes the trees. The tombstones, like everything old in Turkey, are much decayed, and thousands of them have fallen from their positions and lie on, or one half buried in, the ground. They are made of marble, brought from the temples and palaces of Greece, and the tops of them are designed to shew the rank, profession or sex of the deceased.

Turkish Funeral. Four men bear a shell, and another walks behind it. The shell contains the body of a man sewn up in linen. The four men raise two stones that covered the grave, remove the bones of the present tenant, and dig a hole at the foot of the grave into which they are placed and covered over with mould. The new tenant is then *taken out* of the shell, with the linen sheet on, and put into the old grave. There is one mourner in deep grief, who chants verses from the Koran. The two stones are replaced over the grave, covered over with a little earth, the party walk away with the shell, and the funeral is over.

DANCING DERVISHES.

"The Dancing Dervishes, or *mevélawites*, are a kind of Mahometan monks, who live in community, in the monasteries called *tekkés*. The word 'Dervish' signifies 'poor.' The hall in which the Dervishes execute their religious dances. is at the extremity of the court of the convent. The interior of this hall resembles at once a ball-room and a theatre. The centre presents a floor, perfectly smooth and highly polished, enclosed by a circular balustrade, about three feet in height; some slender columns support a gallery, which forms the same

circuit, and contains places for persons of distinction, a box for the Sultan, and others prepared for females. These last (termed the seraïl) are defended from the profane gaze by closed lattices, similar to those seen at the windows of the harems. The orchestra is placed at the end, opposite to the *mirab*, or pulpit, which is ornamented with tablets, inscribed with the never-failing verses of the Koran, and with the monograms of the sultans or viziers, who have been benefactors of the order. All this is painted in blue and white, and exhibits a remarkable purity of colour, greatly enhancing the gay and joyous air of the place. One would imagine himself awaiting the performances of a class about to practise a waltz of Cellarius, rather than the religious exercises of a sect of fanatics. The Dervishes came slowly in, two-and-two; and the chief of the community seated himself upon a carpet of gazelle skins, before the *mirab*, and between two acolytes. He was a little old man, with a leaden complexion, wrinkled visage, and sparse beard; his eyes, sparkling from time to time, gave the only air of life which was discernible in his impassive, and almost corpse-like face. The Dervishes defiled before him, saluting him in the Eastern manner, with the most profound marks of respect, as if he were a Sultan or a Saint. This salute was at once an act of politeness, an obeisance, and a religious evolution—the movements were slow, rhythmical, and recurring;—and the rite finished. Each Dervish took his place in front of the *mirab*. Prayers commenced, and with them the genuflexions, prostrations, and grimaces usual to the Mussulman ritual. When they had chanted enough verses of the Koran, wagged their heads sufficiently, and made a satisfactory number of prostrations, the Dervishes rose in a body, threw aside their mantles, and again marched in procession—two-and-two—around the hall. Each couple passed in front of the Superior, who remained standing, and after exchanging salutations with them, made to each a sort of gesture of benediction, or magnetic pass; which was executed in a very singular manner. The last Dervish of each couple thus blessed, took by the hand one of the next couple, and appeared to present him to the Iman; the same ceremony being repeated from group to group, until all had passed. A remarkable change was already effected in the physiognomies of the Dervishes, thus prepared for their fit of ecstacy. On entering, they had a dull, depressed, and drowsy air; their heads drooped upon their breasts, or were buried beneath their dark caps; but now

their visages brightened, their eyes began to sparkle, they held themselves more erect, and trod more firmly, and the heels of their feet began to beat time upon the floor, with an involuntary sort of nervous action. To the nasal chanting of passages from the Koran, was now added an accompaniment of flutes and tarboukas. The tarboukas marked the measure, and formed the bass; and the flutes performed, in unison, a continuous strain of a very high pitch, and of wonderful sweetness. Motionless, in the middle of the circular area already described, the Dervishes appeared as if gradually intoxicating themselves with the music, so delicately barbarous and so melodiously savage; of which the primitive burthen is traceable, perhaps to the earliest ages of the world. At length one of them opened his arms, extended them horizontally, and began to turn slowly round, without otherwise changing his position. gently moving his bare-feet, which made no sound upon the polished floor. His tunic, like a bird about to take flight, began to tremble, and slightly to rise and fall. The speed of the movement increased; the fragile tissue of the dress, lifted by the air, in which it revolved, spread itself in a circle and took the form of a bell, until at length it resembled a mere whirlwind of white, of which the Dervish formed the centre. To the first who commenced these evolutions was soon added a second, then a third, until the whole band had followed, seized by some sort of irresistible vertigo. They waltzed with their arms extended, the head leaning upon the shoulder, the eyes partially closed, and the mouth half open, like bold swimmers, who abandoned themselves to the current of some flood of ecstacy. Their movements were regular, undulating, and showing an agility quite extraordinary; no apparent effort, no appearance of fatigue. Occasionally a single Dervish pauses. His robe continues to flutter for some moments, until, no longer sustained by the rotatory motion of its wearer, it sinks again into quiescence, and resumes its perpendicular folds, resembling those of some antique Grecian drapery. Then the Dervish drops upon his knees, with his face to the ground, and a lay-brother approaches and enwraps him in one of those mantles which I have already described; as a jockey carefully covers the noble racer who has just finished a course. The Iman draws near the prostrate Dervish, mutters over him some sacred formula, and then proceeds to the next. Presently the whole brotherhood are prostrate, overpowered by the excess of their excitement, and the

violence of their exercise. Before long, however, they rise again; make once more the circuit of the hall, and issue from the apartment in the same order as that in which they entered it."

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

"The hall of the Dervishes of Scutari is a simple parallelogram, devoid of all architectural character. Upon the bare walls are suspended a dozen or so of enormous tambourines, and some tablets inscribed with verses of the Koran. Beside the *mirab*, and above the carpet where the Iman and his acolytes take their seats, the wall presents a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chamber of a torturer or inquisitor. This consists of some darts, terminating in a heart of lead, whence hang chains, spikes, pincers, and many varieties of arms and instruments of the most barbarous appearance, and for the most incomprehensible purposes; but still, with that sort of horrible air about them, which makes the blood curdle and the skin creep, as when beholding the outspread instruments of a surgeon, just prior to the performance of an operation. It is with these atrocious instruments that the Howling Dervishes scourge and wound themselves, when they attain the climax of their religious delirium, and when cries alone are inadequate to the expression of their holy phrenzy. In front were ranged the Dervishes in a posture of devotion, repeating in unison a sort of litany, intoned by one of their number, in a stentorian voice. At each verse they moved their heads forward and backward, with a motion calculated almost to produce a sympathetic giddiness in the spectators. Occasionally one of these last (among the Mussulman part of the audience), attracted by the contagion of this oscillation, quitted his place in the chancel and mingled with the Dervishes, where he knelt beside the others, and began balancing himself like a bear in a cage. The chant grew louder and louder; the movement of the heads quickened; the visages of the Dervishes began to grow livid, and their chests to pant. The speaker uttered his words with redoubled energy; and we awaited, with anxious expectancy, that which was to follow. Some of the Dervishes, excited to the proper degree, arose, and continued their bowing movement with such violence, that they seemed in danger of cracking their skulls against the walls, or of dislocating the vertebræ of their spines. They now formed a chain, by putting their hands on each other's shoulders, and

began to justify their distinctive name, by heaving up from the very depths of their chests a hoarse and prolonged cry, or howl, of '*Allah-hou!*' which hardly seemed to come from any human voice. The whole band, animated as it were by one feeling, retired one step simultaneously, and then threw themselves forward with an equally simultaneous plunge; shouting in a deep tone. Little by little the inspiration comes. Their eyes begin to shine, like those of wild beasts in the depths of a dark cavern; an epileptic foam gathers about their lips; their countenances are distorted, and shine lividly through profuse perspiration. The whole line falls back at once, before some invisible gust, like reeds before a tempest, and then rises again as suddenly; and always, at each forward plunge, the terrible 'Allah-hou!' bursts forth with increasing fury! How shouts of such unearthly violence, repeated during more than an hour, could fail to burst the osseous frame of the chest and flood the lungs with blood, from ruptured vessels, is inexplicable. The shouts became, after a time, mere roarings; and one Dervish in particular, with a face of miraculous sallowness and leanness, a gigantic fleshless frame to match, and a voice deep and cavernous beyond expression, balanced his head amid its matted locks of long black hair, and tore up, as it were, from his skeleton chest, the growls of a tiger,—the roars of a lion,—the yells of a wounded wolf bleeding in the snow;—cries full of rage and yet of longing, the vague utterance of some unknown and fierce voluptuousness;—blended, sometimes, with sighs of human sorrow or weakness,—protests of the frail body, burned and bruised by the fiery and restless soul. Excited by the feverish ardour of this infuriated devotee, all the troop threw themselves back again in one mass, and then forward, like a line of intoxicated soldiers, yelling out, at the same instant, one supreme 'Allah-hou!' with a sound comparable to nothing earthly, unless to the voice of some mammoth or mastodon, buried amid the colossal herbage of an antediluvian marsh. The floor trembled beneath the measured tramping of the phrenzied band, and the walls seemed ready to tumble in ruins about us. And now the exaltation had reached its climax. The howls, or shouts, succeeded each other without interval or cessation, and a sort of wild-beast odour was emitted from this mass of heated and sweltering bodies. Through the dust raised by their trampling feet, gleamed vaguely, as through an ensanguined mist, visages convulsed, distorted, and phrenzied, illumined by white eyes and delirious

smiles. A youth detached himself from the group and advanced towards the old man. The assistants of the Iman took from the wall an exceedingly sharp sort of spike, or skewer, and handed it to their superior, who instantly transfixed with it both cheeks of the young devotee, without his showing the least sign of suffering. This operation performed, he returned to his place, and continued his movements as before. Two other fanatics now sprung into the centre of the hall, and were supplied with two of those darts (already described), terminating in leaden hearts, and garnished with numerous small chains of iron. Taking these in their hands, they began a sort of poignard-dance, full of extraordinary and violent movements; but, instead of shunning the points of the darts, they sought every opportunity to wound themselves with them, and to scourge themselves with the iron chains, until they fell exhausted to the ground, reeking with blood and perspiration."

September 2nd. Went to the bazaars again, and bought a beautiful Cashmere worked table-cover, some handkerchiefs embroidered by women, natives of Cashmere, and some richly worked lady's Turkish slippers, all remarkably fine and very cheap. Had my baggage placed on the back of a Turkish hamel (porter); threaded for the last time the crowded lanes of Galata; stepped aboard a skiff and bade farewell to Turkey; rowed to the

"GANGE"—FRENCH MAIL BOAT,

a fine screw steamer that travels about twelve miles an hour, managed by a captain and four sub-officers, all very polite and attentive, dressed neatly in blue with gilt buttons. About fifty French, Turks, Greek and Italian sailors keep the steamer in good condition. We have four classes of passengers: the first and second live and sleep below deck, and have a long promenade abaft the funnel; the third and fourth live and sleep on the pont (deck), and find their own provisions, or arrange with the steward for their food. The sailors have frequent quarrels with the deck passengers and among themselves, of which the captain takes no notice. I took possession of my bunk in a second-class cabin, and regretted it upon seeing my companions from Misseri's in the first-class. Seven passengers—five Frenchmen, one Italian, and myself—slept in one cabin, sometimes with the windows closed and no air admitted but what reached us from the deck. Each of them had a large

bag or portmanteau, or both, besides sticks, umbrellas, guns, hampers, curiosities, over-coats, pictures, pipes and liqueurs. Walking about the cabin or attempting to dress two at a time became impossible; some attempted to dress and undress in bed, but as there were but few inches of space between the bed and the roof, which compelled us all to enter sideways, sitting was impossible, and we found it most convenient to throw off some of the bed-clothes and retain some of our wearing apparel, and by completing our toilet in rotation and going on deck or into the saloon immediately, we managed to be ready when the bell rang at half-past nine o'clock for the *déjeûner à la fourchette.* This *déjeûner* consisted of *vin ordinaire, de l'eau, cotolettes, pommes de terre, fricandeau, gigôt, choux a la barbare, cerveau, fritz,** and *gâteaux, raisins, mélons, fromage et pain à discretion, et une tasse de café.* The dinner is very similar, the dishes being varied either in fact or in name and preceded by some *potage au chasseurs d'Afrique, potage à la mâitre d'hôtel,* or some other kind, with a name equally appropriate and expressive.

September 4. We steamed into the

HARBOUR OF THE PIRÆUS,

shaped like a horse-shoe, and affording a good anchorage for shipping. Took a cup of coffee at one of the large desolate looking cafés, and walked about the town. There appears to be but little trade doing, although this is one of the four principal Greek ports. The soil is sandy and barren, scarcely a blade of grass is seen for two or three miles from the beach, but at the end of the harbour a triangular piece of ground of three or four acres in extent is laid out very prettily as a promenade, and numerous trees planted tastefully about the town give it a pleasing appearance. Travellers, however, into the interior, have given charming accounts of the gorgeous mountain scenery and rich valleys and gushing springs; where they found all the features of the most beautiful landscapes among the cloud-capped towers of Thessalia, Arcadia, Corinth, &c. Some Scotch troops are billetted in the barracks, and others keep guard in the suburbs. They have been allowed, in consideration of the intense heat, which, at this period of the year is oppressive

* *i. e.*, Pieces of any sort of meat or poultry brought in on a long skewer, like cats'-meat.

in Greece, to wear caps which sit lightly on their heads, instead of those heavy hats they so bravely scaled the Alma with. Walked with Mr. P. inland to the top of the first range of hills overlooking the ancient Acropolis, Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, which is still grand in its ruins and stands on so great an eminence that miles away at sea there is as good a view of it as from the Piræus. We walked as far as we could with safety, wishing to arrive at the top of one of the highest hills forming the basin in which Athens is built, but the mountain tracks are in possession of young Greek Klepths, (robbers,) who plunder passengers, and not unfrequently murder them and leave their bodies to rot where they fall. The plains of Athens, as far as we could see, are very barren, and the city itself is now but a village of ruins surrounded by a few modern houses hurriedly built. Round the base of the Acropolis a Turkish village recently built forms a part of the new town called Plaka. "The general aspect of Greece," says a modern writer, "is characterised by a very singular distribution of its mountains; they are neither placed in parallel chains nor in massive groups, but are so disposed as to enclose extensive tracts of land, which assume the appearance of large basins or circular hollows," and this natural formation was doubtless the cause of Greece being divided into so many pretty kingdoms with separate interests, each one having its natural mountain barriers, acquired distinct habits and trains of thought. Hence the want of combination and the internecine wars, the bloody feuds between Athens and Sparta, each supported or opposed by neighbouring communities, the wars between the Lacedæmonians and Messenians, the conquest by the Macedonians, subsequent division by Alexander's generals, and reduction into a Roman province, and finally the conquest by Mahmoud and his followers, who robbed the once violent but now factious Greeks of much of their glory, by, among other actions, twice driving them out of the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ during the Greek revolution; in 1821 by routing 700 Greeks, and in 1823 when Odysseus had the charge of the pass with 4000 Greeks that fled like cowards before the Muslimin. Where are the descendants of the 300 that opposed the march of thousands until but one alone lived to return and tell the fate of his brave countrymen?—where the representatives of 300 Argives and 300 Lacedæmonians who left their homes to decide by their prowess and devotion a question of difference between the two states, fought till but three men were left alive, when the two Argives looking upon them-

selves as the conquerors, hastened home to report their success, and the one Lacedæmonian, Othryades by name, remained on the field of battle to strip the dead bodies of his enemies and carry their arms into the Lacedæmonian camp?* The Greeks have a fond hope that they may some day capture Constantinople, and they have emissaries in all parts of the civilized world studying foreign languages, customs and politics. They have free schools in Athens, in Armenia, and in one of the Princess Islands, and hundreds of Greek boys are being educated in Italy, France, Germany, England and Russia, all more or less at the expence of the state. Greek commerce is extending very rapidly, every native considering it his duty to further the interests of commerce as a means of the extension of political power. At the present time they threaten to monopolise the whole of the shipping trade in the Levant and in the Archipelago of Greece by a combination of their richest merchants in all parts of the world, and one ship of the new commercial fleet was started in August last to run between Liverpool and Constantinople, charging only 15s. per ton for merchandise, (half the usual charge.) It is a practice among the Greeks to wear the moustache and shave the beard, and this distinguishes them from Turks. They dress like French dandies, wear black frock coats and black hats, and cover their wives with showy dresses and jewellery; vain of their personal appearance, they roam about on Sundays at Pera from café to café, smoking cigarettes and drinking sometimes a cup of coffee. They are sadly degenerated in patriotism, fidelity, honor and features, and are not near so good looking as the Turks. The nose of the modern Greek bears no resemblance to those in the old Greek sculptures and engravings. In business the Greeks are quick, subtle, intelligent, and attentive, as keen at a bargain as any Yankee or jew; they marry young, and have a great pride in their children. The population of Greece is not however purely hellenic; they style themselves generally, not Greek, but "Romaic." Albanians form about a fourth of the population, and at Athens and the Piræus Maltese are very numerous. The Maltese at Smyrna, in the Levant, and at Constantinople, are robbers and assassins; but in Greece they bear a character for honesty; finding, like the jews, that they are no match for the natives. In 1837 Capital Punishment was introduced, but before an executioner could be found, there

* Othryades subsequently killed himself on the field of battle, resolving to have one fate and one tomb with his comrades.

were 30 or 40 culprits waiting for execution, no man being willing to act as executioner. The guillotine is used, and the horror of the scene is sometimes increased by the attempts of the culprit to escape. He is allowed by law to walk freely and unbound to his doom ; and as most of the condemned are vigorous men, brigands by professsion, the struggles for escape are sometimes fearful. The executioner at length prevails by using his dagger freely until the culprit is exhausted by struggling and loss of blood, when he is conducted to the place of execution.

September 5. Approach the Coast of Calabria, the southern extremity of Italy—" Italie, empire du soleil ; Italie, maîtresse du monde ; Italie, berceau des lettres, je te salue ! Combien de fois la race humaine te fut soumise, tributaire de tes armes, de tes beaux-arts et de ton ciel ! Connaissez-vous cette terre où les orangers fleurissent, que les rayons des cieux fécondent avec amour ? Avez-vous entendu les sons mélodieux qui célèbrent la douceur des nuits ? Avez-vous respiré ces parfums, luxe de l'air déjà si pur et si doux ? Répondez, étrangers, la nature est-elle chez nous belle et bienfaisante ?" Entered the

STRAIT OF MESSINA,

with the Calabrian Cape on the right, and Sicily on the left. From Mount Etna smoke is issuing. The mountainous rocks on the Neapolitan side are the wildest I have yet seen. They have the appearance of pumice stone, and are evidently of volcanic origin. At the foot of the mountains the coast is dotted with small villages, and the land is very prolific. The grape-vine appears to be the principal culture. All the rocks are tipped with trees as far as the eye can see, but there is no sign of any human being among these rocks, although, a little way inland near the high roads, robbers are in abundance. It is a charming coast, and very pleasing to the eye that has not dwelt on any green spot since we left the Dardanelles. Steamed into the

Port of Messina, said to be the ancient Syracuse, but the old maps shew Syracuse much further south. Hired a carriage and drove round the town, built on one side of the harbour, behind the quay, which is about half a mile long, with a row of commodious warehouses and magazines extending the whole length. The population of Messina is about 100,000. The streets are broad, and well paved with stones about twenty inches square. The shops

are wretchedly poverty-stricken in appearance, although the lower floor or warehouse is often found stocked with merchandize. Several families live in each house above the stores, and women sleep or dream away their time lounging in the balcony, whilst the men play dominoes and other games at the cafés. There is no real business being done except among the ship-chandlers and agents on the quay. Behind the town are sunny residences picturesquely built on the slopes of the mountains. The houses are not numerous, and the soil being very prolific, and each house surrounded by trees and grass in abundance, and mostly separated by a narrow ravine, the whole presents a delightful landscape, the detail as charming as the *tout ensemble* is grand—vines, pears, melons, lemons, grapes, grow almost without cultivation, and the American cactus along the road sides bears fruit ripe and tempting to the wayfarer. About the centre of the town is a very pretty public garden, provided with an orchestra and seats and lamps. 'Tis painful to see the public places in Sicily guarded by Austrian soldiers, who are hateful to the Sicilians, and dare not leave the town singly or they would not return alive. While landing we had an illustration of Sicilian brutality. Two Sicilian boatmen were fighting on the beach, and another boatman, seeing his friend was getting the worst of it, struck the opponent a blow on the head with an oar so forcibly as to break the oar into two pieces, and the indignation of the English, who were just landing, was so loudly expressed as to draw the attention of a guard, and he made an attempt to capture the fellow, who, however, to evade pursuit, fled into the harbour up to his armpits in the water. We heard on our return that the wretch had been caught and imprisoned. One peculiarity in the south and east of Europe is the number of lazy beggars, men and boys, who continually tease one to buy all sorts of merchandize, or to hire vehicles, following the traveller for miles with their importunities. The readiest way to rid ourselves of the nuisance we found was to listen to their eulogiums on the articles recommended, and then advise that they should *avail themselves* of such decided advantages as they had described. This advice, deliberately given, generally produced a smile and departure, although, sometimes, as at Pera, nothing short of a threat or a thrust with an umbrella was effective. The Maltese, when all other means fail, undertake to dive into the harbour for any gratuity that the stranger will throw. In England beggars

are extravagant enough when they light up a couple of candles to advertise their poverty, but in Sicily they hire a boat and boatman to row them about the harbour, and dolorously implore alms to prevent their starving. Went to an elegant café, where the roof was supported by polished bluish marble columns, the cornices richly gilt, marble tables of various colours, rich crimson seats, and beautifully stencilled walls. Ordered ices, which the Sicilians call "granite," and small cakes ; twenty or thirty natives were there smoking, drinking and playing at dominoes. Steering out of the Strait of Messina we pass by the two points of land, styled by the ancients Scylla and Charybdis, which were a great terror to mariners, who supposed them to have some active power of malignity and to cast ships from the one to the other until they were wrecked. Scylla is a point of land at the corner of the Sicilian side of the Strait, forming two sides of a square. The strand is not much above high water mark. Charybdis, on the Neapolitan side opposite, juts out slightly from the mainland, and as the Strait at these points is not above two miles wide, a sailing ship entering at night in a thick atmosphere, especially when ancient mariners had no fixed lights there, would be very likely to strike upon the low land at Scylla, or, discovering its danger there, steer wide for the Strait and run upon Charybdis, and thus give an example of the common saying " avoiding Scylla to run into Charybdis." There are also eddies at both these points, which, however, are not much noticed by captains of the present day, although in rough weather the Sicilian boatmen are careful to avoid them. Steered along the coast of Italy, through the Lipari Islands, with Mount Etna on our left and Stromboli on our right, both emitting smoke. 'Tis said that Stromboli never ceases to pour out its volumes except when 'tis flaming, and being a living volcano, 'tis inhabited by a few fisherman only, who at such times have to seek another residence.

September 6. Had a storm at daybreak ; the vessel rolled about and the rain poured, but she kept her way, and, having a fair wind, made nineteen miles an hour ; put on the sou'-wester garments and went on deck, where the third and fourth-class passengers, men, women and children were huddled together and the surf beating over them.

September 7. Entered the

GULF OF LYONS,

where the rolling sea was almost as bad as in Biscay's Bay, and nearly every passenger sick or very unwell. The navigation in this Gulf is very difficult in consequence of the many rocks a-head; indeed 'tis so dotted with rocks, that the inexperienced eye can see no outlet. Night set in and we had not cleared them, and we determined not to go to bed until we passed them all. Mentioned to a fellow passenger that I apprehended having to swim for my life, and he, by way of encouragement, said that he had often steamed this course, and never had an accident but once, when the steamer went bowsprit on to an island on the right; the ship was damaged but no lives were lost. The captain diminished the speed, and occasionally stopped to let off the steam; kept plenty of look-outs, and eventually sighted the Marseilles lights, which, although miles away, delighted us all. We entered the harbour safely soon after midnight; it was so crowded that in passing in at a very slow pace we damaged the bows of several sailing craft. No sooner had the ship dropped anchor than we dropped into bed, weary with watching, and glad of a little repose. We had not, however, many hours sleep, for some being anxious to get home, others to go ashore and see the town, others to start by the earliest trains for their ultimate destinations, very few slept soundly, and at daybreak we were packing, pacing the deck impatiently, or persuading the steward to prepare refreshments to comfort us after the fatigue and crowding of a week on ship-board. So great was the impatience to go ashore, that even the vivacious French promenaded the deck mute and anxious, seeming to forget that language was a medium for killing time. We hired boats to land us, and *fiacres* to take us to the cafés, and having had substantial *déjeûners a la carte*, returned on board to see our luggage thrown about, preparatory to its being sent to the *douane*.

FRANCE.

All our luggage, according to the custom in France, where every one is suspected of having among his luggage contraband goods and politics, was sent to the *douane*. Upon explaining that my portmanteau contained some tobacco and other trifles bought in Turkey, and that they were going to England, the officials tied them in a handkerchief and plombed them, that

is to say: a string was passed round the handkerchief, and the ends of the string passed through a piece of lead, which, being struck heavily by a hammer, precluded the possibility of untying the parcel without cutting. The *octroi* was paid and a certificate given to enable me to obtain a reclamation of the amount upon leaving France with the parcel unopened. When about to leave Havre for England, I applied for the restoration of the money; was sent to the *Petite Douane*, from there to the *Grande Douane*, where I was advised to go again to the *Petite Douane*, which I declined on the plea that I had just come thence; was then advised to call on the morrow, which I also declined to do, as my boat was just about to start for England. Finally, success crowned my efforts, and the amount was returned.

Marseilles Harbour is one of the principal European ports, being the nearest way from western and north-western Europe to all parts of the East. In six days, by passing through France, the traveller may go from London to Malta. In eight days, from London to Sicily, Greece, Gallipoli and Constantinople, while from Liverpool to Constantinople, touching at Malta and Greece, from seventeen to twenty days are occupied. Marseilles is a fine town, surrounded by high rocks. The streets are long, rather narrow, and, like the streets of New York, parallel and right angled, interspersed with boulevards, fountains, arches, and statues of bishops who have been so generous during epidemics as to distribute large sums of money provided by the lay population. On the cultivated top of one of the high rocks in the town, at the extremity of the Cours Napoleon, well supplied with seats and *glaces*, there is an excellent view of the harbour, which consists of two ports—the *joliette* and the *grande porte*—separated naturally by a rock, but a canal cut through it connects them; about 2000 vessels can ride in these harbours. The successful merchants and men on 'change discontinue business during the hottest part of the day, when they retire to cafés and play cards, dominoes and billiards; however, they remain at their *bureaux* very late, especially on late post evenings. Stayed at the *Hôtel Canobière*, near the harbour. The ground floor is a commodious café; the walls are covered with plate glass and gilt mouldings, the ceilings with elegant, chaste and cheerful paintings, and when lighted up in the evening, 'tis quite dazzling. Here, at noon, about two hundred persons smoke, drink, chatter, and play at cards, and about three o'clock they repair to their various occupations.

Had to attend the police station, next door to to the *Douane*, for a return of my passport, which had been given up to the steam-boat agents upon paying my passage by the Gange. Promenaded Marseilles for three hours and returned to the hotel much fatigued and covered with dust and perspiration, despite the green umbrella held up to shield me from the sun. Had a little repose, second *déjeûner*, and walked round the wretched district adjacent to the harbour, a place as filthy as any in London. The narrow dusty lanes, wretched houses, and squalid population reminded me of old Saint Giles' before the worst part was pulled down to make way for New Oxford street. A triumphal arch in this dingy district shews the complete debasement of the Marsellaise, who are not allowed to sing their own patriotic song, but have (by order no doubt) inscribed on the arch—"A Louis Napoleon les Marsellaise reconnaissante." Found some relief by taking an omnibus to the principal promenade of Marseilles, the Prado, a marine parade on the margin of a natural harbour in which some three-masted vessels float, the resort of the Marsellaise a pied a cheval et en voiture; the bathing is also very good, and it is accordingly much patronised, being the only retirement from the dusty roads of the city. The banks abound with elegant villas and chaste cottages with a sea view, and one of them is charmingly laid out with gardens, grottoes, shrubberies, and gravel walks sloping down to the promenade. A cascade flows through the garden, divides into two streams down the green bank, continues its course under the coach-road, and rushes down the rocky beach into the sea.

There are several *Cafés Chantants* at Marseilles, called Casinos, elegantly fitted and well lighted with gas, where the populace is nightly entertained with very inferior songs and recitations. No charge is made for admisson, and consequently they are crowded every evening. Hired apartments at the Hotel Canobière, for two nights; but, tired of walking about the hot town, left after a stay of forty hours en route for Lyons by express, slept in the carriage, and arrived at

LYONS

at daybreak. Took some coffee and bread à la Lyonnaise, that is by sopping the bread in the coffee served in a basin. In the south of France the land is very fruitful and charmingly cultivated, and dotted with chateaux.

Both sides of the Rhone and the Saône are as beautiful as the best English scenery, and upon ascending the height of Fourvières at Lyons a complete and extensive view of the city and the surrounding suburbs is obtained, bounded by miles of green grass, skirted by well-made roads and bordered by lime trees. The streams of both rivers in some parts run parallel, and at others curve away and finally effect a juncture. Seventeen bridges cross the waters, eight over the Rhone, and nine over the Saône. The public squares are very fine, among them "Bellecour," considered the most magnificent in Europe. The visitor to the manufacturing town of Lyons looks about for the factories, and is surprised at not finding the flaming chimneys of Staffordshire nor the smoke-belching flues of Birmingham and Sheffield. Nothing of the sort is remarkable, and would not be suspected by a visitor who had not some previous knowledge of the place. The time-serving authorities of Lyons, in imitation of their master, have pulled down very many houses, and are building, with very bad materials, large houses on both sides of a long road to be called "Rue de l'Empereur." From Lyons to Paris by express, 7 P.M. The carriages on the French lines are better, in many respects, than the English; they are wider, the cushions are better stuffed, the first-class have a commodious open basket-work receptacle, above the heads of the passengers, for umbrellas, small bags, parasols, etc, where the articles deposited can all be seen. They travel quite as fast as the English trains, and the fare is 20 per cent lower. The second and third class shew the number allowed to travel in each carriage—thus: "32 places;" and on many lines, as from Boulogne to Amiens, the third class are in every respect very comfortable, and some of them travel the distance, eighty miles, in two hours. Rolled along at forty miles per hour, stopping about every twenty miles to ring the bell, but not waiting long, as there were no passengers at many of the stations, the activity even of the vivacious French requiring some repose. We divided our time between attempts to sleep and the inevitable cigar, which is a luxury during a long journey in a railway carriage. Thanks to the engineers and stokers, the well-wrought carriages, and the smallness of the traffic, our train kept the even tenor of its way, like another Erebus encircling us by dusky night, conducting us through the fields of mourning, full of dark groves and woods, where every tree and shrub in the sombre atmosphere seemed to shrink

and start from us with the velocity of lightning, and leading us finally where the smiles of Aurora softly glided into the rich beams of the God of day, spread before us the luxurious champaign and the flowing river, and welcomed us by the joyous song of birds just freshly leaving their green resting-places. Arrived at Melun on the Seine, twenty-eight miles from Paris. On both sides of the line, farms with rich swards, plenty of water, and thousands of poplars. Arrive at

PARIS,

and, having travelled all night in a cap, forget my hat, which is left in the carriage. Hire a fiacre and go for it afterwards. Nobody can tell me anything about it. After applying to several officials, one undertakes to make inquiry. Wait ten minutes, and then remind him. He is annoyed at my intruding just when he is mending his pen, walks to a distant part of the office, and sits and joins in conversation with other clerks. Applications are made to several other officials, who express a doubt whether the hat can be found, and one is industrious enough to tell me where the Lost-Property Office is, and there I find a person whose particular duty is the charge of treasure trove. He says, "*The application is made too soon* : come to-morrow,"—and then I recognise the very man to whom I applied for the return of Mr H.'s hat, left at the Paris southern terminus some years ago, when he said *the application was made too late.* Paris has been much improved since the abdication of Louis Philippe. Napoleon le Petit having found some plans drawn under the direction of Napoleon le Grand, has judiciously used them for the modern improvements, and pulled down many of the thickly populated neighbourhoods, to remove the poor from the vicinity of the Tuileries, and built a double row of large houses in continuation of the Rue Rîvoli, and thus kept the discontented Parisian workmen employed. The Palais d'Industrie, in the Champs Elysee, is a clumsy building of rough stone. Many of the old bridges are pulled down or partly rebuilt and a new one made across the Seine near the Ecole Militaire. The dirty old Place du Carrousel is pulled down, and the Louvre much extended; with small gardens at one of the entrances, and surrounded by large gilt railings like those at the British Museum. The magnificent Tomb of Napoleon, under the dome of the church at the Hotel des Invalides, is nearly finished, and the Hotel de Ville is being decorated and ornamented with

statuary and fountains. Under the landing of the first staircase is a group of two figures—Victoria and Eugènie, hand-in-hand, and holding bouquets. A new feature of the present ruler of France is the surrounding of the palaces (like the other despots of Europe) by a foreign body-guard. Arabian Zouaves have possession of all the gates of the Tuileries and the Louvre, and the Parisians, in their simplicity, are delighted with the picturesque Moorish dress of these foreigners, quite unconscious that they form a barrier between the present tyrant of France and the people of France.

September 12. Took my seat in a railway-carriage for Havre, and in two hours and a half arrived at Rouen, once the hot-bed of feudalism, and chief city of Normandy. But now its days of chivalry have quite passed away; spears, bows and arrows are supplanted by factories and tall chimney-pots. The collateral descendants of the warrior barons have metamorphosed into stokers and factory workers. Seen from the rail, Rouen is remarkably pretty and fertile, but the chimneys are the most remarkable feature. Eleven minutes stay and on we fly through a delightful country to the busy port of Havre, the first place that has presented any appearance of active business from Marseilles to here. Walk about the dirty town; get the passport *visé*; embark in the French steamer "Alliance"—a generic modern name which is made applicable to almost everything that can be eaten, drunk, or used, from a sandwich to a steamer, and finally embracing nearly everything in Europe. Sleep soundly on board the steamer, and am awoke at half-past five next morning by the cessation of the engines and paddles in Southampton harbour. The custom-house authorities are all asleep, and the newly-arrived passengers have to wait three hours for their luggage to be examined, and then are allowed to depart for their respective homes, happy at finding themselves in old England, and en route to their families and fire-sides.

RÉSUMÉ.

Turkey is the anomaly among dynasties ; Mahommedans surrounded by Christian powers, who hate them for their religion, and envy them the possession of the finest climate, scenery, seas, and rivers, in the world. Yet they hold on their sway, unbending to remonstrance and unyielding to force ; careless of the "Outer Barbarians" and the strifes of surrounding nations ; not over anxious about their safety, feeling that the muscular arms and fierce onslaughts by which they conquered their present Empire are, in all emergencies, to be relied on for the same services when necessity shall call them into vigour. Held by other nations to be a feeble power, whose vigour is enervated by a slothful and luxurious course of life, yet they maintain their power against the political and the military machinery which seems destined to expend its energies in attempts to subdue a people whose innate strength is unexhausted by repeated attacks. Unaided they left their native soil and captured a new Empire in opposition to the will of Europe, and, unaided, they repel the attacks of Western, Northern, and Central Europe ; and the efforts of several of the strongest powers are required to drive them from any important position, as at Navarin, where the small fleet of Turkey did not refuse to accept the unequal contest when challenged by England, France, and Russia ; and in the recent war, when, led by Omer Pasha, they drove the invading Russians from Citaté, Giurgevo, and Silistria, before the English and French had reached the scenes of action.

In politics Turks are as children, and the most simple code of laws is best adapted to their capacity and habit of thought. Of administrative power they have no elaborate theories, but are very effective in the practice of it. They smoke while other nations rack their brains with thinking, talking, and bartering ; and they do quite right, for, having but few wants, the wear and tear of study are not necessary for comforts or necessities. There is no such institute as a Turkish post-office ; for price currents, love letters, social and political intrigues, give the Turks little trouble, and the good old custom of visiting and carrying despatches on horseback still prevails.

Living in a land of plenty—with Smyrna for a granary, Latakia for a tobacco estate, a vast extent of country where the grape grows spontaneously, Circassia

and Cashmere to supply the turban, the ferijeh, and the tunic, and Arabia to provide coffee, their principal beverage—there is no reason why the maddening studies of more *civilized* nations should rack the Mahommedan brain, and turn a mild and benevolent, though ignorant and luxurious, race into a moving mass of emaciated schemers.

They have been accused by reviewers and politicians with domestic unskilfulness—requiring foreigners to manage their ships, cultivate their gardens and superintend their trading transactions; accused by those who ought to be aware that the pride of the haughty warlike Turk, who holds in subjection several nations of no mean importance, not his inability, prompts him to hire foreigners for the performance of labours, commercial and domestic, which the Muslimin consider derogatory.

Turks are as conservative as Lord Derby professes to be, and Lord Palmerston *is*, and equally tenacious of custom and privilege.

Their present habits sustain their strength and health, and why should they change them? Their necessities are few, why should they increase them? They are open-hearted and generous, friends of the brave and promoters of freedom. When the Hungarians required shelter and protection, the Porte gave them both in defiance of French advice and Austrian threats. They have abolished the slave-market, and are establishing a funding system and railroads under English advice, and they are now (March) offering gifts of land to families inclined to settle in the Empire. Turks are not fashionable: the dress worn by Mahomet is still the pattern for the Turkish costumier. They have been charged with a want of industry and perseverance, gross neglect of their streets and antiquities. This is all true: their streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved; their old fortifications, towers and obelisks in a state of dilapidation, streets un-named, and timepieces set to a new measure of time, determined by a chronomist every evening. But what shall we say of the Franks, whose streets are dirtier, narrower, and worse paved than those on the Turkish side? The Empire of Turkey was established four centuries since, when architecture had not made those advances in elegance and substantiality which modern residences in large cities exhibit. The houses were built by enterprising individuals, who dotted them down in the first convenient place that presented itself. But 'tis difficult, never-

theless, to find public buildings superior to the mosques and palaces of Turkey. The Frank quarters, where money is plentiful and the buildings comparatively modern, are not in any respect superior, while they are less picturesque. The British Consulate is established in a narrow back lane, difficult to find, and not five yards from a filthy heap of dust, vegetables, and offal, deposited in the road-way, steaming and stenching as one passes by; and the landing-place at the Galata end of the bridge is so dilapidated, that every passenger who walks over it, does so at the risk of broken limbs. The domestic habits of Turkey are, no doubt, a disgrace to the Empire. The Sultan, whose mother presented him with two Circassian females in his boyhood, has about a dozen wives, and from his seraglios the pachas are supplied with wives from among the odalisques, or court damsels. This practice strengthens his power and domination, as each new marriage gives him a new adherent, whose interest and sympathies are with the reigning monarch. Ministers and wealthy Muslimin keep more wives than they can control: hence watchfulness and suspicion, the necessity for Negro servants, constantly armed, to accompany Turkish women, the artificial system of concealing their beautiful faces beneath the yakmash, and that enervation of the brain and feebleness of intellect so remarkable in Eastern princes. We have a powerful illustration of this sad result in the young King of Oude, whose early habits made him a healthy, shrewd young man. His father feared the rivalry of the son, and condemned him to the female apartments, where, in the course of years, luxurious habits enfeebled his reflective powers, and his inability to rule the kingdom was made a pretext by the East Indian Government for robbing him of it. The present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is also remarkably deficient in intellect, is entirely ruled by his Ministers, and occupies his time between attention to his ladies and building new palaces.

Notwithstanding their want of business habits, their slow method of thought, and their unsystematic *laisser faire* mode of conducting every transaction, except in war, the Turk is very likely, if he take advantage of the European intimacy which is being thrust upon him, to come safe out of his difficulties, and take a leading part in the controlment of the world.

TO MISS F. ON THE OCEAN:

SONNET:

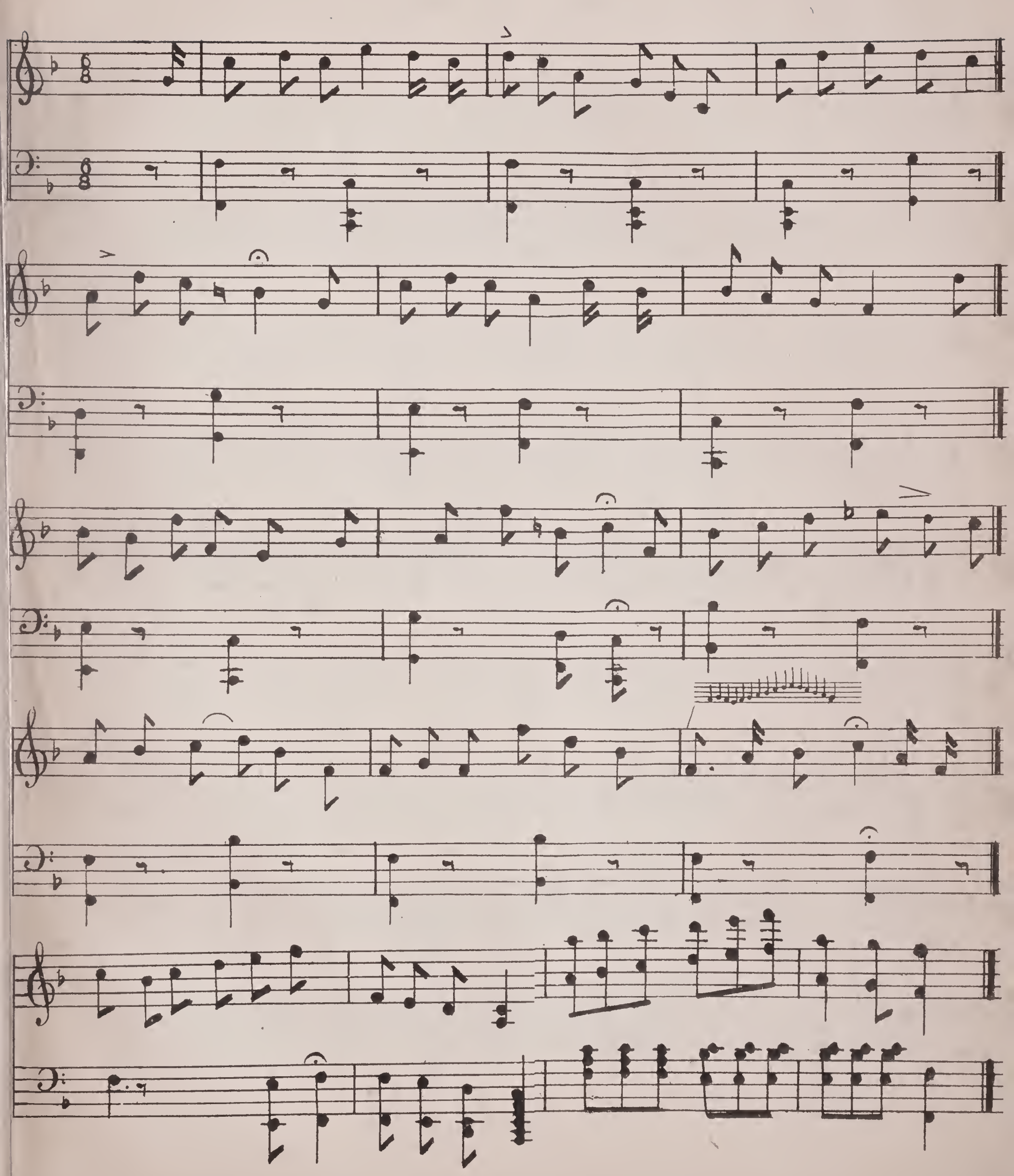
THE WORDS AND THE MUSIC BY

JAMES SULLIVAN.

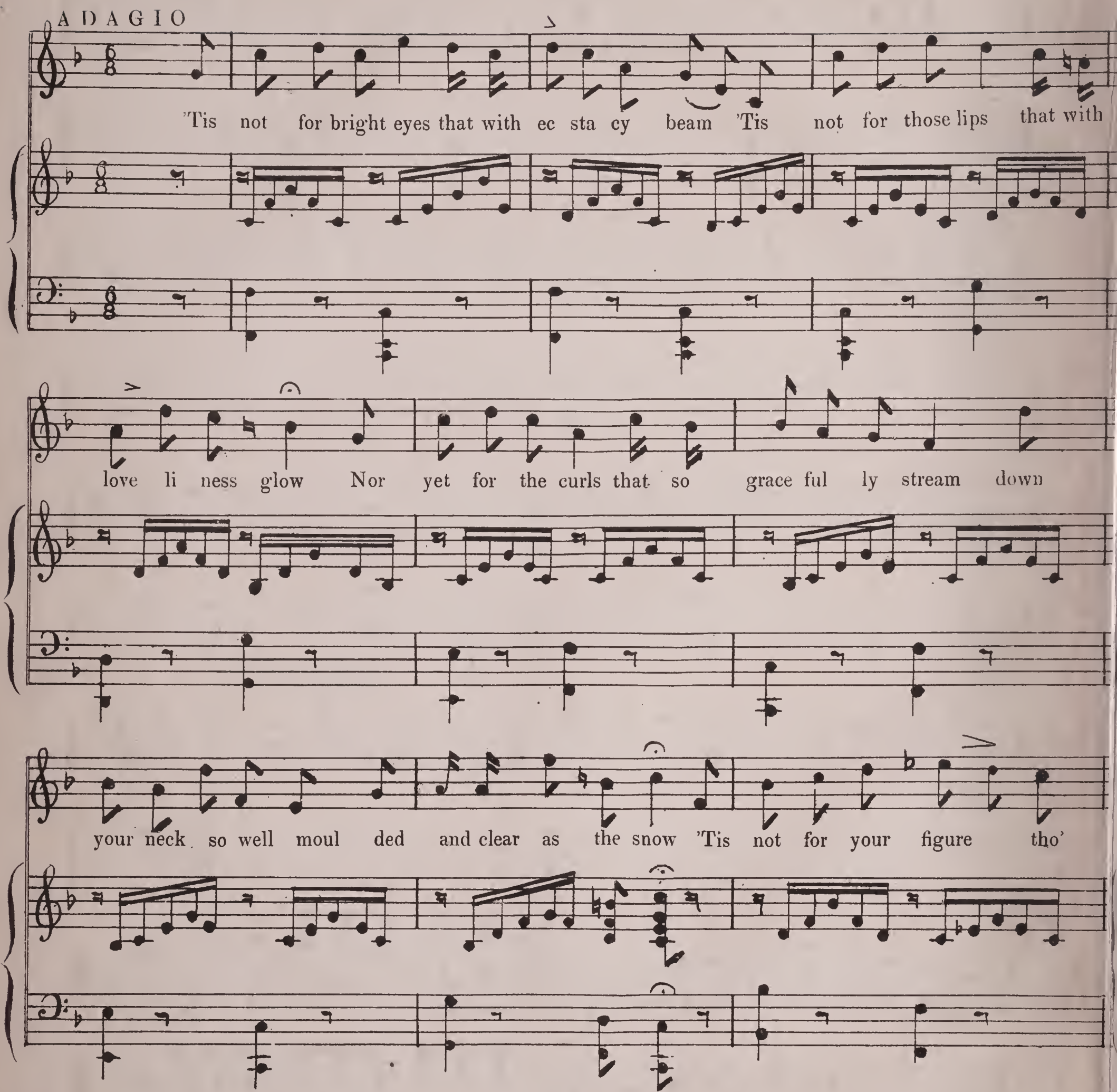
APRIL, 1857.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

TO MISS F. ON THE OCEAN.



TO MISS F. ON THE OCEAN.



that too is made by Nature a model so pure and com plete as to

L E N T O

throw all the sculptor's art into the shade and the skill of the painter

L E N T O

en tire ly defeat

'Tis not for these beauties I bow at thy shrine for per fections more valued I

sue at thy feet Thy graces of mind make me wish thou wert mine Strong

in tel lect beaming with vir-tue replete I think thou wert made a com-

panion for youth a comfort in trouble a so lace in age To con-

L E N T O

sole to advise and to make man in truth a companion for beauty

L E N T O

on life's fleeting stage !

The blue water's rippling and porpoises playing whilst gay stars in my ri ads

sparkle on high The sweet silver moon and the bright milky way like

a belt of pure brilliants il lumine the sky But stars moon and oceans drown

not the emotions that attract man to earth from this star-spangled scene The

L E N T O

love that's enkindled sweet joys to impart A soft beaming eye and

L E N T O

a warm beating heart.

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